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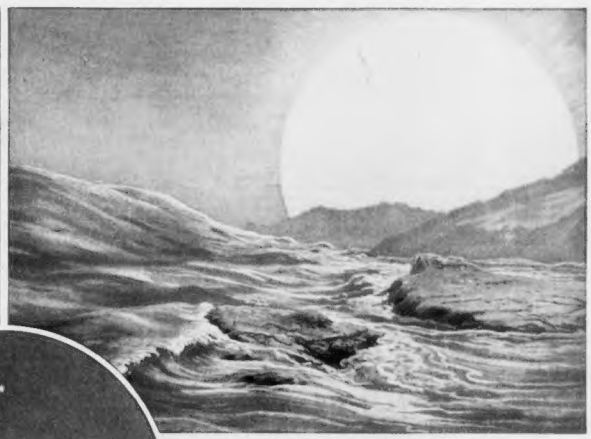
Other Suns With Worlds Of Their Own Like Ours?

A Tiny Sun Would Light the Earth Dimly Like a Big Star, and Would Throw Only a Feeble Light With Hardly Any Warmth. Dwellers in the Tropics Would Be Forced to Dress Like Eskimos.



Under the Influence of the Attraction of a Sun Much Bigger Than Our Sun, the Ocean Waves Would Cause Great Floods, Severe Enough to Invade the Interior of the Continents and Lay Waste Great Stretches of Land.

Prof. Rudaux, the Distinguished Astronomer, Discusses the Probability of Duplicates of the Earth Among the Myriads of Heavenly Bodies—Some Less, Some More Advanced

A Colored Double Star, Seen Through a Telescope.

By PROFESSOR LUCIEN RUDAUX,
The Distinguished French Astronomer and Director of Donville Observatory, France.

CHAPTER I.

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WOULD it be desirable for the human race—if a bigger and better sun should adopt our little earth?

The sun, in whose planetary family we belong, is a comparatively small and insignificant star. Everywhere the astronomer aims his telescope, he sees not only bigger stars but hotter ones, cooler ones, various-colored ones and binaries, or double stars. Some of these doubles are one hot and one cold, but in the case of some of the others their planets would have two blazing suns in the sky, a blue one and a red one and everything casting two shadows of different colors.

If the astronomer could shop around in the heavens, he could find plenty of wonderful propositions for adoption, each with delightful possibilities. No astronomer, however, regrets that such a swap is impossible, in fact he is glad that no demagogue can talk the world into trying it. No matter what the advantages might be, the calamities that would inevitably accompany them more than outweigh the benefits.

Even the nearest star is too far away for the most powerful telescope to see if it has any little worlds, surrounding it, like a family around a hot stove constantly turning round and round to warm all sides. But there is no reason to imagine that ours is the only star in the universe that has children or that it is unusual in this particular.

Our sun is 1,297,000 times bigger than the earth, which could fall into that furnace without even making a worthwhile splash, but there are stars like Antares which is 30,000,000 times bigger than the sun.

Suppose, in answer to a unanimous prayer from every inhabitant of the earth old enough to vote, the Almighty should transfer the custody of our little world from the sun to a monster like Antares.

One of the innumerable resulting headaches would be the destruction of our calendar. If the earth were to be placed at the same distance from the center of the big new sun as it is from our present one, it would not do at all, because we would be actually well inside the flaming star itself. In order to survive the heat the earth's orbit would have to be so far away in some cases that instead of taking 365 days to circle the big star as is our time with our small one, even a Methuselah would not live through so much as a single season of the year. It might take so long that not even a nation would last through an entire year.

In our 365-day trip around the sun the Summer is so short that when Fall comes our Winter overcoats are still in moth balls and will still fit us and the furnace hasn't rusted much. Also there are plenty of mechanics surviving from last Winter who know how to fix it and where to get new parts. But imagine the problem if nobody had needed a woolen garment or a heating plant since the days of Julius Caesar, with a long, hard Winter of about 2,000 years ahead.

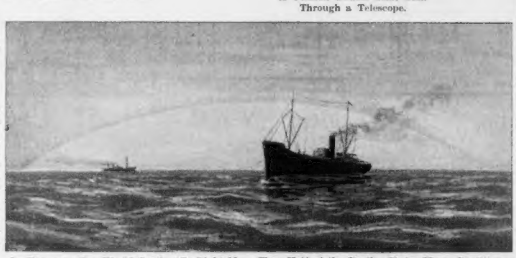
Snakes, frogs, wood-chucks, bears and other eminent hibernators, after that endless Summer, would probably have lost most of their ancestors' talent for going into a trance, yet would have to face a hibernation not of months but a long string of centuries.

If a huge star, not so hot as our sun, was selected, the world would have to be placed quite close to it. Then, in order to have enough centrifugal force to offset the gravity pull of such a mass and not fall into it, the earth would have to go around it at terrific speed, so fast that the year might be cut to a few weeks, with an entirely different but equally disturbing set of complications. The trees would hardly begin to bud in the Spring before it would be time for them to fall in the Fall, and the farmer would have his troubles trying to coax anything out of the ground in such a crazy climate.

A monster sun quite close to us would be able to shine around the world touching nearly the whole of it at a time, so that at least the edge of the great disk would be visible most everywhere most all the time. This would change the entire aspects of the polar regions, causing the ice caps to melt gradually away. That, in turn, would fill up the oceans until all the present seaport cities would have to be abandoned.

In the course of a few thousand years humanity, in a nightless world, might get over its habit of sleep, remaining awake and active from the cradle to the grave. Perhaps this would reduce the span of life a corresponding amount but still nothing would be lost but a few dreams because the part that is slept away is lost anyhow.

Yet few people would pay much attention to little things like these because of more appalling and fatal manifestations. Our little moon being close is able to stir up quite a tide which is increased when the distant sun reinforces it. In the Bay of Fundy tides run as high as 60 feet. With a body so prodigious as one of these monster suns close at hand, the mere revolution of the earth would cause the oceans to bulge toward it in a tide that would go roaring over all the sea coasts, the lowlands and far up the highest mountain ranges.



An Enormous Sun Would Continually Light More Than Half of the Earth. Under These Conditions the Polar Regions Would Never Be Dark and It Always Would Be Possible to See a Part of This Disc on Their Horizon. Thus the Character of the Polar Regions, Such as We Know them, Would Be Entirely Changed.

If the Sun Were to Be Replaced by a Similar One of Fantastic Proportions, But With an Orange Light and a Lower Temperature, Sun-Bathers Could Expose Themselves for Only a Few Moments, and Only at the Time When the Blazing Disc Would Be Nearing the Horizon. At All Other Times of the Day It Would Be Necessary to Protect Oneself From the Intense Heat of Such Light, Which Only a Skin and Organism Different From Man's Could Resist.

It would seem as if most of the fertile parts of the earth would be drowned out and man would have to flee permanently to the barren mountain tops. There he would cower before hurricane winds and deluges of rain. The gravitational pull on the earth's crust together with the stresses caused by the violent changes of water and atmosphere pressures would precipitate a series of earthquakes, such as no human eye has seen.

Even if all these things could be avoided by some miracle and every aspect of Nature made to keep the peace, still the human race would probably start to sicken and die in all sorts of mysterious ways merely from the difference in quality and quantity of the new light. It has been pointed out often enough how delicately and beautifully Nature on this planet is adjusted to the needs of living things. This is stating the truth, wrong-end to. The truth is that life during millions of years has managed to adjust itself to the general conditions as it found them. How slight a change in these is needed to cause disaster is seen from the havoc of a flood or drought.

The Russian astronomer, Alexander Tchizhevsky, announced that all mass movements in the history of humanity coincided with a period of maximum intensity of sun spots. He called these movements epidemics of psychoses, in other words unreasoning human stampedes.

If a few pimples on the sun's bright face can upset humanity, one can imagine what an entirely different sun in size and quality of light might do. Creatures on the earth have learned to thrive under such rays as ordinarily get through the air to them. Other rays which the atmosphere filters out or reduces, are deadly in stronger doses. Humanity, instead of taking sunbaths at noon would wear light-reflecting clothes. It would be suicide for a nudist to yield to his exhibitionary tendencies except perhaps just before sundown and after dawn.

All the violence of Nature and fear of exposure to the light could be avoided by choosing a star a bit smaller than the sun. We might choose one even smaller than the earth and thus be on a basis of gravitational superiority, with some of the advantages that wives find in henpecked husbands. The surface of our planet would know conditions quite different from those which exist just now.

Seen at the same distance as our sun, a tiny sun would be nothing more than a brilliant point without apparent diameter quite the same as any star but with a more intense light. The daylight which it would give us would be less luminous, like a sort of dawn which fills the entire sky.

This cold light would create a kind of polar state over the entire earth; the tropical races would be forced to adopt Eskimo customs and the Arctic regions would be quite unlivable and plunged into a total night, the pale rays of the sun arriving only obliquely. The sea under this weak force would no longer react to the influence of the moon. Fantastic tides would not exist; the ebb and the flow would be similar and the movement of the water would be sluggish and feeble.

Thus while an enormous sun would cause a tempest

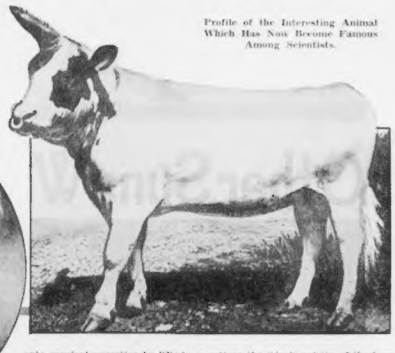
(Continued on Page 25)

The Unicorn A Mythical Animal ? Science Produces One

The Unicorn of Myth and Legend, a Strange Combination of Horse, Goat, Etc., Whose Single Horn Was Supposed to Be of Marvelous Curative Value When Powdered.

The Unicorn as Depicted on an Ancient Tapestry, With Its Extraordinarily Long and Sword-Like Horn.

Front View of the Modern Unicorn Created by Science—a Bull Whose Horns Were Grown Into a Single Protuberance by Dr. Dove, of the University of Maine.



Profile of the Interesting Animal Which Has Now Become Famous Among Scientists.

WHETHER the unicorn once actually lived or is a legendary creature that belongs with the purely imaginary dragons of the fairy tales is a question that often has puzzled scientists and historians. Most modern zoologists seem to be of the opinion that the horse-like animal with a single sharp horn set in the middle of its forehead never existed except in the superstitious and fantastic lore of the ancients. And now a modern scientist has actually produced a veritable unicorn. The person who produced this miracle which nature apparently never intended to create is Dr. W. Franklin Dove, Professor of Biology at the University of Maine.

This young scientist, who recently described how he made his unicorn in the Scientific Monthly, didn't start out to gain publicity by helping Nature produce an excellent counterpart of a legendary beast, but the story of his achievement has gone all over the world from the barn in Orono, Maine, where he performed a simple operation which made an ancient dream come true.

For some time Dr. Dove has known that the horns of cattle are not of a piece with the bones of their skulls, but grow on the head bones and are firmly attached to them.

Knowing this, he presumed that if the little horn buds of very young cattle were removed from the sides of their heads and transplanted to the middle of the forehead, they would take root and grow. After several experiments, which did not turn out to his satisfaction, the scientist selected a day-old Ayrshire bull calf—the grown-up animal shown in the photograph at the extreme right of the page. He named the calf "Bozo" and tried a slightly new experiment. By a delicate surgical operation he lifted the horn buds from beneath the skin and placed them close together at a spot in the center of the forehead and above the line of the eyes. He flattened the contacting sides of the roughly round "buds" so that both of them together formed a small circle.

Nature did the rest—and with Dr. Dove's help produced a unicorn that would have delighted the ancients who believed that such animals existed. As the buds developed, the two horns became one thicker and longer horn than is usual in the species. The long, bony spike follows the graceful curve of the animal's back and has a dark tip. Strangely enough, an ancient description of the supposedly legendary beast mentions the "dark red tip of the horn which, ground into powder and taken in a drink, cures sickness and brings good luck."

"The bull," says Dr. Dove, "is conscious of the peculiar power a single horn gives him. He uses it as a prow to push aside barriers in his path or as a bayonet in his attacks. And like the legendary unicorn, 'Bozo,' being mindful of his power, is usually calm and docile. He is now two-and-a-half years old and is entirely used to his single horn."

New Health Safeguard for Busy Housewives

The New Device for Protecting the Housewife From Dust and Germs. It Is Constructed Along the Lines of a Modern Gas Mask.

THE industrious young woman shown in the photograph at the right is not a German housewife preparing herself for the next war. Neither is she a citizen of France or England taking a little practice with the gas masks that most people in those countries keep handy these days. This girl lives in Chicago and the outfit over the lower part of her face is a gadget recommended for a condition which has nothing to do with the grim business of war.

The inventor of the device believes that he has perfected something that will, eventually, find a place in thousands of American—and probably many foreign—homes. It's a lightweight respirator, and its purpose is to keep household dust and dirt out of the nose, throat and lungs.

Medical men have traced no end of germs to the dust that is swept from floors and beaten out of rugs. They know that many diseases are carried in dirt stirred up by brooms and mops.

With a gadget like the one shown in the picture the foreign matter in the air is kept out of the system, being filtered by fine screens in the pair of discs, one on each side of the piece that covers nose and mouth.

The object is so made that the wearer can breathe with comparative comfort and keep right on working in a room that is filled with floating dust. It's not heavy and it's easily put on and taken off.

When the invention was exhibited and demonstrated at the Midwest Safety Conference, recently held in Chicago, it and Miss Mary Pasavents—the young woman seen wearing it—came in for a lot of interested attention.

Miss Pasavents did considerable sweeping during the conference and kicked up so much dust that some of the spectators held handkerchiefs over their noses. But it was all in the interest of adequate demonstration, and she apologized when she took the mask off and subjected her nose and throat to a detailed medical examination. The doctor could not find a particle of dust inside her nostrils or in her mouth.

A few of the visitors to the conference were of the opinion that many young housewives might hesitate to make use of any invention, however practical and beneficial, which might make them look ugly or ridiculous. But this view was not shared by most of the people present.

As one safety engineer remarked, "I am holding no brief for this particular device, but I do say that our women are as much concerned for their health as they are for their looks and no sensible housewife would refuse to wear a mask just because it temporarily concealed her features."

When the Ace Beard-Growers Held a Convention

The Galley Slave Dance by Pupils of the Margaret Morris Movement in England, as They Appeared at a National Trust Fund Benefit in London.

THE Japanese have great veneration for old men, and one of the symbols of distinguished old age in the Land of the Cherry Blossom is a well-groomed brace of mustaches, a flowing beard, or both.

There are in the Island Empire thousands of bewhiskered men, some of whom recently gathered in Tokyo to hold a convention to compare whiskers and encourage the ancient custom of ornamenting the features with hirsute foliage on lip and chin.

The photograph at the right shows a few of the delegates to the convention soberly exhibiting their highly-prized "beavers." The dean of the gathering turned out to be seventy-two-year-old Hohujiro Kato, whose beard measures over five feet and who has been cultivating it for more than thirty years. On the journey from his home to Tokyo he packed the snow-white beard in a bag to keep it in prime condition for exhibition.

Here and there a black beard punctuated the array of white-whiskered faces, but none of them was accorded first rating. The white mustaches and beards stole the show, and there were at least a hundred different varieties, including the "cheek hiders," the "white falls style," the "silver stream type," longer and less bushy than the "white falls." Several delegates appeared with "Kaiser" mustaches and one or two with beards grown and groomed in the "somersault" manner. These whiskers took a backward loop toward the chest instead of thrusting out or hanging limp.

The average age of the country's ace whisker growers is seventy. They have the idea that their beards, in some way, add to their health and happiness. The venerable old men had such a good time at their convention that they voted to hold a national get-together once a year.

Members of the Association of Beard-Growers of Japan at Their Recent National Convention, Held in Tokyo. The Champ Grower Is Proudest of Those Present, Because of a Facial Decoration Five Feet Long.

Fair "Galley Slaves" in Picturesque Dance

LONDONERS are not unfamiliar with the ballet nor with the somewhat less formalized antics of the "ladies of the ensemble" in musical shows, but they never had seen anything quite like the "Galley Slave Dance," performed by twenty-seven disciples of Terpsichore at a recent performance to raise money for a national trust fund.

The dancers, shown in the photograph at the left, may seem to have had an easy time of it putting their suffering across for the benefit of the large gathering of spectators because it wasn't necessary for them to stand on their feet during the number. And to some people their maneuvers did not fall in the class of dancing, as commonly understood. But the galley slave bit was the hit of the show because the dancers, even though they did not cavort on their shapely legs, managed to give a dramatic imitation of a crew of galley slaves rowing one of those ponderous ships of ancient times.

In tune with a slow rhythmic beat the twenty-seven dancers sat in a row, in the manner of riders on a bob-sled. They went, esthetically, of course, through the labored motions of pulling at heavy oars, and they were so well coached that most of the people present got the impression of slaves toiling away to drive a heavy vessel through the water.

One newspaper critic, describing the unusual dance, said, "Without actually taking the positions that presumably were taken by the galley slaves of other days, the young women gave the impression of being in a boat, and it was not hard to imagine a whip-cracking master standing over them driving them to their work."

Making an Artificial Climate

UNCLE SAM'S weather bureau can't cajole Mother Nature into providing the sort of climate that we would like in our homes and places of business. But the officials of this department can, and do, cooperate with the engineers who are perfecting and installing the machinery that controls the climate artificially, that keeps buildings cool when it's uncomfortably hot outdoors, and makes them warm when the temperature goes down and Winter winds howl. These weather bureau experts also turn over much useful information to industrial plants in which temperature control is an important part of the processes of manufacture. Some of this information deals with instruments for gauging humidity.

For example, the makers of such things as paper, textiles, films and paints must keep the air in their factories just so, not only as to temperature but also as to the amount of moisture in the atmosphere. The officials of the weather bureau, with records that go back to 1870, are able to tell them what sort of outdoor weather to expect in any section of the country so that these men can estimate about what they've got to do to adjust the weather indoors to the requirements of their particular business.

W. R. Gregg, chief of the weather bureau, has found it necessary for him and his assistants to keep up on the progress of air conditioning and the various devices now being used and experimented with to produce climate scientifically. "Scarcely a day passes," he says, "without many calls from engineers for meteorological or climatological information. Although we have our hands full recording and trying to predict as accurately as we can what the climate is going to be from day to day, we are glad to do anything we can to assist the experts at work on the problem of outsmarting Nature and making, with machinery, just the kind of climate that workers need in mills and factories and people want in their homes."

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Mr. Waggoner's 7 Wives Have Cost Him About $4,000,000

But Still He Says---"Anybody Who Can't Appreciate a Pretty Woman, a Fast Horse and a Good Beef Steer---Well, There's Something Wrong With His Head"

The Most Remarkable Contrast to the New Mrs. Waggoner Among Mr. Waggoner's Many Wives---Anne Burnett, the Fifth Wife, Who Had $70,000,000 More Than His New One.

The 7th (or Is It the 6th?) Mrs. Guy Waggoner, Who Was Selling Perfumes in a Department Store When the $100,000,000 Oil Prince Charming Lifted Her from It---He Is 58 and She Is 20.

The Newest Mrs. Waggoner, in Evening Dress.

The Store Where Young Mrs. Waggoner Worked as a Shop Girl.

The Ranch Houses on Millionaire Waggoner's Great Play Ranch in Colorado, Where the Honeymoon Was Spent.

Mr. Guy Waggoner, Who Has Tried Marriage Hopefully Seven Times and Lost Out in Six.

MR. GUY WAGGONER, Texas multimillionaire, race-track owner and oil magnate, once said:

"Anybody who can't appreciate a pretty woman, a fast horse and a good beef steer---well, there's something wrong with his head."

There is nothing wrong with Mr. Waggoner's head because he has just shown his appreciation of a pretty woman to the extent of half a million dollars' worth, that being the sum he paid his sixth (or, in a way, his fifth) wife for divorcing him so that he could marry a short time later, Virginia Joan Green, who was a department store clerk in Dallas. Altogether, Mr. Waggoner's appreciation of pretty women has cost him about $4,000,000---what the horses and beef steers cost is not known. Mr. Waggoner is 58 and the present Mrs. Waggoner is 20.

There was a report that this $500,000 had been presented to the sixth Mrs. Waggoner in one dollar bills. But another report is that it was paid in thousand dollar bills. Nevertheless, she was paid in cash, and it would surprise no one who knows Mr. Waggoner if he had given her that whopping big bale of dollar bills for freedom to show his appreciation of another pretty woman.

Though married seven times, Mr. Waggoner has enjoyed only six varieties of wives so far, because after divorcing his second wife he came back and just to please his father, took another matrimonial try at his first one. In order to transfer his appreciation to their successors, the big cattle-and-oil man had to pay two of his wives half a million dollars each. If he averaged half as much for his other four divorces, it would make two million without counting the "overhead" of maintenance while they were married to him.

Nor does it take into account the enormous legal fees which both sides seem always to have fastened on him. It is known that one wife's counsel put in a bill for $100,000. If all the expenses connected with his seven trips to the altar could be footed up they might run to $4,000,000.

But four millions are only a piece of change to Mr. Waggoner, whose fortune, estimated at well over a hundred million, ranks him as one of the richest men in the country. His grandfather, "Old Dan" Waggoner, came from New England in a covered wagon, took over half a million acres of Texas grazing lands and became a "cattle king." Dan's son William Thomas Waggoner inherited a few million dollars worth of herds and land.

But some parts of William T. Waggoner's lands did not have as much water as he wished, so he sank an artesian well. Never was kindness to animals more liberally rewarded. Instead of water, oil spouted up, which disgusted the live stock but added many millions to their owner's pile. While developing this oil field, he drove the cattle over to another corner and put down a second water well. Again he struck oil; in fact he did it so often that they said oil followed him around, with the result that he left Guy enough to have supported all Solomon's thousand wives instead of merely seven, one at a time.

Of course, Solomon kept all his wives at the taxpayers' expense, but even they probably could not have stood the strain, if each time the King married a new wife it had been necessary to divorce and pay alimony to the next preceding one. Modern divorce is a luxury, as shown by the sad falling off in business at the country's principal divorce mills during the depression. But it is not extravagance for Mr. Guy Waggoner to have as many as he pleases and at the ladies' own terms. Perhaps because he was so liberal in the divorce "hand-outs" or possibly because it was hard to find his equal for a second try, only one of his wives married another man afterward.

Curiously enough, this exception was Anne Burnett Waggoner, an oil-and-cattle heiress with $20,000,000 in her own right, who complained in court that she had great difficulty in adjusting her life to Mr. Waggoner's ideas of how a multimillionaire oil and cattle man should conduct himself.

After divorcing Guy she married James Godwin Hall of New York and Atlanta, and stayed married. Old Mr. Waggoner taught his son Guy to appreciate steers and make money on them, also to appreciate race horses and not lose too much thereby, though supporting a fine racing stable, building tracks and becoming a pioneer in introducing the sport to the State of Texas. Appreciation of beautiful women he seems to have learned all by himself.

Back in the early 1900's, Guy's dad decided to make Fort Worth his permanent home and bought the J. B. Slaughter estate on Pennsylvania Ave. While he was at it he purchased the other three corners for his children. On one he built a three-story brick mansion for his daughter Electra, who had married A. B. Wharton. Diagonally across from this, a white brick home was put up for Guy, and on the other corner E. Paul was handsomely housed.

It was to the white brick house that Guy brought his first wife, Katheryne Brown, of Whitewright, Texas. The elder Waggoner was much pleased with his son's choice, and under these happy circumstances it looked as if they would live happily ever after. Further to clinch things, a son was born and named William Thomas II. If he wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth a gold one was thrust into it a few hours afterward, when the grandfather settled a million dollars on the baby.

The first Mrs. Waggoner remained the old man's favorite until he died but rapidly lost favor with her husband who, in spite of his father's disapproval, got Katheryne to divorce him in 1907. She received custody of the child at the grandfather's insistence, who also saw to it that she got plenty of alimony. That same year Guy married Lucille Elliott, pretty daughter of a railroad conductor, and again there was a brief interval of happiness followed by incompatibility.

In 1914 there was a second divorce, with cash consolation, estimated at between $125,000 and twice that amount, and impressive legal fees. The second Mrs. Waggoner now lives at Mineral Springs, Texas. This marriage also produced a son, the ill-fated Guy Waggoner, Jr.

That same year saw a remarriage to his first wife by request of the elder Mr. Waggoner who persuaded his son that he had not fully appreciated the girl. But father was wrong. Hardly had they been reunited in wedlock than they began quarreling as before and soon there was a third divorce.

By this time Guy had acquired playboy habits and thought he would pick a more up-to-date, sophisticated mate, so he went to the altar with Mrs. Katherine Weaver Rose, a divorcee, with two sons. Mrs. Rose, besides being a strikingly beautiful brunette, had a trained singing voice which he should have appreciated. Besides this, she was the daughter of a large cattle owner, so they had that interest in common. After another brief interlude of happiness she sued for divorce.

The price of freedom this time is said to have been exactly one-quarter of a million dollars, to say nothing of legal expenses.

Guy's fifth attempt looked plausible and logical. He would marry someone who was somewhere near his equal financially. On September 4, 1922, he married Anne Burnett. She is the granddaughter of the late Capt. Samuel Burk Burnett and inherited the bulk of his fortune. Capt. Burnett's ranges and his 6666 brand were as well known as the Waggoner Three D and oil had also been found on his acreage. Her share at the time of the wedding was about $20,000,000, and thus two of Texas' great fortunes were united.

There were forebodings of evil at this pooling of so much wealth in the hands of one couple. However, they uncoupled themselves before there was time for any ill effects. The golden pair went to Europe, meeting so many people that they hardly had time to become acquainted and all went well. When they returned to Texas and settled down, athletic Anne, who rarely touched alcohol and liked to go to bed early, began to object more and more vigorously to her husband's ideas of how to have a good time. Finally she is said to have issued a warning that the next time he came home late he would "hear something drop."

It was not long after this that, according to stories circulated at the time, Mr. Waggoner came home very late again, and although he tried to retire as silently as possible, met with no success. "Money talks" is an old saying which was literally true this time, according to the tales which were whispered by some of the servants. From the top of the stairs twenty angry millions are said to have talked down. How much Mr. Waggoner was worth at that moment, with his $50,000,000 trust fund and his own property is not known exactly but it seems to have been around $60,000,000. So that number of loquacious dollars talked back as they climbed the stairs.

It has been asserted that 60,000,000 Frenchmen can't be wrong, but the fifth Mrs. Waggoner apparently thought $60,000,000 could be wrong. At any rate legal proceedings shortly followed but the case never got to a jury, and so what actually happened that night which determined the richest Mrs. Waggoner to cut loose, millions and all from her husband and his millions, was never officially made public.

Some of the great legal lights of Texas sat in at the conferences that followed, and Mr. Waggoner found the proceedings very expensive indeed.

The divorce was granted April 30, 1928, but the property settlement did not come until the following Fall. The lawyers decided that the winner's purse should be $500,000.

A year before the divorce, Guy Waggoner, Jr., son of the second wife, had been killed with his bride in a motor accident, on their honeymoon.

Just two weeks after his expensive freedom, Guy got rid of it again by marrying Anna Belle Stinnett, of Fort Worth and Dallas, but the sixth knot was tied at Marietta, Oklahoma, the Gretna Green for Northwest Texas, because the statutes of the big State at that time required a three-day delay for reconsideration, after applying for the license.

According to her petition for divorce, which came along on about the usual schedule, she and Waggoner separated in August, 1931, though she did not file divorce proceedings until May of 1935.

At first nobody would say officially how much the sixth Mrs. Waggoner was able to collect but there was a persistent rumor that her husband had paid her off with half a million one-dollar bills. Asked if it was really in singles, one of the lawyers so forgot himself as to answer that it was in 500 one-thousand-dollar bills.

The action, as usual, was before Judge Bruce Young, who was referee in Peggy Hopkins Joyce's divorce from Joyce.

If Mr. Waggoner had paid in singles, it would have been a cruel hardship on the sixth Mrs. Waggoner to count it. An unpracticed money-counter can hardly count bills faster than one per second and be sure of no mistakes. At that rate it would have taken her, working an eight-hour day and full six-day week, more than 27 weeks to make sure he hadn't short-changed her so much as a dollar in her half million. But of course her bank would have called in a crew of experts able to clean up the job in a few hours.

However, the payment was made, Mr. Waggoner looked quite discouraged at the time and said he doubted the wisdom of trying the matrimonial gamble again.

Such ungallant misgivings soon vanished because he proceeded to surprise his almost surprise-proof friends by taking on Mrs. Waggoner number seven, in the attractive form of Virginia Joan Green, perfume clerk in a Dallas department store.

In good looks she seems about up to the average, her age is 20 against his 58, but she runs a little light, weighing 103 pounds and standing five feet three inches in her dainty stocking-ed feet. Nobody has thought it prudent to ask if she believes in the half-million-dollar alimony standard. Possibly that question may never have to be answered.

This may be his lucky seventh inning.

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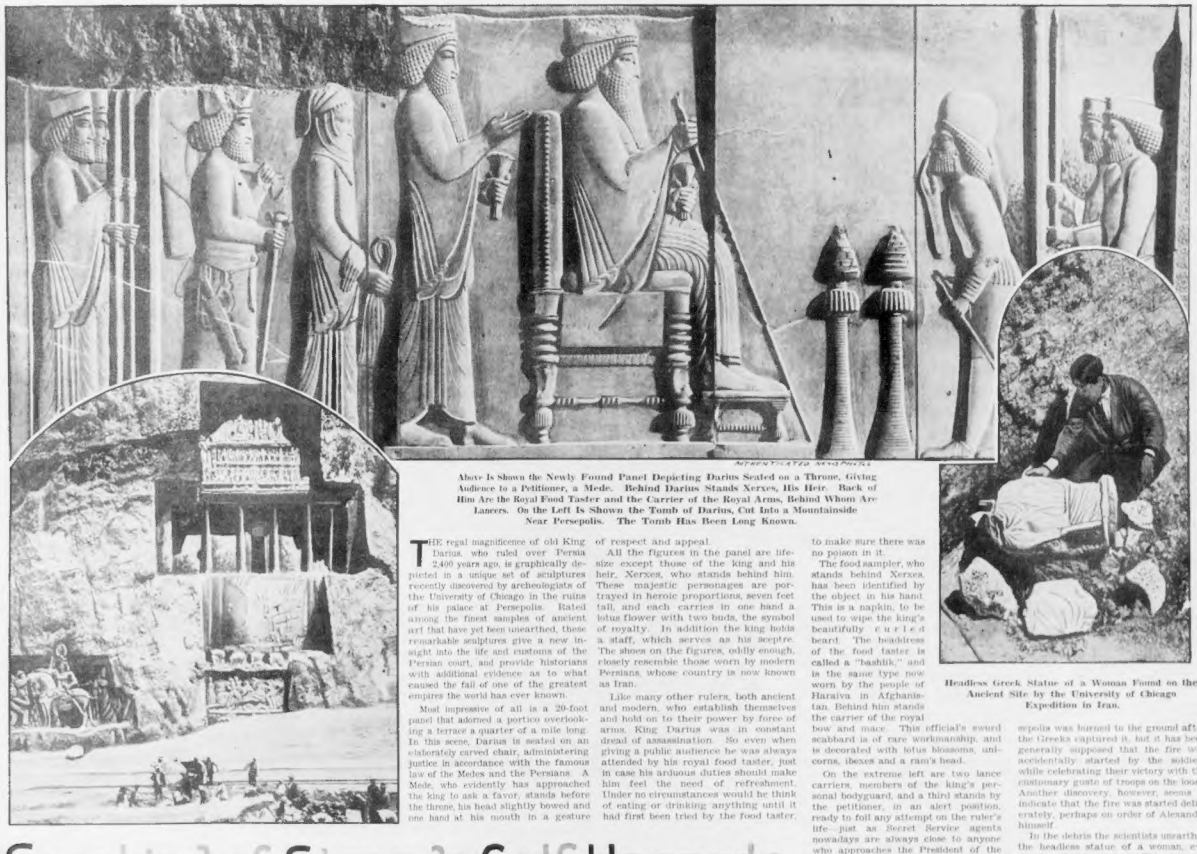
New Discoveries Of Old King Darius's Royal Splendor



Above Is Shown the Newly Found Panel Depicting Darius Seated on a Throne, Giving Audience to a Petitioner, a Mede. Behind Darius Stands Xerxes, His Heir. Back of Him Are the Royal Food Taster and the Carrier of the Royal Arms, Behind Whom Are Lancers. On the Left Is Shown the Tomb of Darius, Cut Into a Mountainside Near Persepolis. The Tomb Has Been Long Known.

THE regal magnificence of old King Darius, who ruled over Persia 2,400 years ago, is graphically depicted in a unique set of sculptures recently discovered by archeologists of the University of Chicago in the ruins of his palace at Persepolis. Rated among the finest samples of ancient art that have yet been unearthed, these remarkable sculptures give a new insight into the life and customs of the Persian court, and provide historians with additional evidence as to what caused the fall of one of the greatest empires the world has ever known.

Most impressive of all is a 20-foot panel that adorned a portico overlooking a terrace a quarter of a mile long. In this scene, Darius is seated on an elaborately carved chair, administering justice in accordance with the famous law of the Medes and the Persians. A Mede, who evidently has approached the king to ask a favor, stands before the throne, his head slightly bowed and one hand at his mouth in a gesture of respect and appeal.

All the figures in the panel are life-size except those of the king and his heir, Xerxes, who stands behind him. These majestic personages are portrayed in heroic proportions, seven feet tall, and each carries in one hand a lotus flower with two buds, the symbol of royalty. In addition the king holds a staff, which serves as his sceptre. The shoes on the figures, oddly enough, closely resemble those worn by modern Persians, whose country is now known as Iran.

Like many other rulers, both ancient and modern, who established themselves and hold on to their power by force of arms, King Darius was in constant dread of assassination. So even when giving a public audience he was always attended by his royal food taster, just in case his arduous duties should make him feel the need of refreshment. Under no circumstances would he think of eating or drinking anything until it had first been tried by the food taster, to make sure there was no poison in it.

The food sampler, who stands behind Xerxes, has been identified by the object in his hand. This is a napkin, to be used to wipe the king's beautifully curled beard. The headdress of the food taster is called a "bashlik," and is the same type now worn by the people of Haraiva in Afghanistan. Behind him stands the carrier of the royal bow and mace. This official's sword scabbard is of rare workmanship, and is decorated with lotus blossoms, unicorns, ibexes and a ram's head.

On the extreme left are two lance carriers, members of the king's personal bodyguard, and a third stands by the petitioner, in an alert position, ready to foil any attempt on the ruler's life—just as Secret Service agents nowadays are always close to anyone who approaches the President of the United States in a public place. On the right is another court official who carries a curious metal receptacle, the purpose of which is not yet known.

The extensive terrace where this panel was discovered is not far from the tomb of Darius, cut in a mountainside near the city. The site of the king's mausoleum has been known for a number of years, but while digging in front of it the archeologists made additional discoveries which may explain why Persepolis was destroyed by Alexander the Great.

Historians have long known that Persepolis was burned to the ground after the Greeks captured it, but it has been generally supposed that the fire was accidentally started by the soldiers while celebrating their victory with the customary gusto of troops on the loose. Another discovery, however, seems to indicate that the fire was started deliberately, perhaps on order of Alexander himself.

In the debris the scientists unearthed the headless statue of a woman, evidently a Greek goddess. This statue so closely resembles those found in the ruins of Athenian temples that there seems to be little doubt that it was stolen from one of them. In all probability, Xerxes, the successor of Darius, brought it back with him after his famous raid on Athens.

The sight of one of their own statues in Persepolis may have aroused the Greeks to such a pitch that instead of merely sacking the city, as was their custom, they burned it to the ground.

Headless Greek Statue of a Woman Found on the Ancient Site by the University of Chicago Expedition in Iran.

Speaking of Strange Golf Hazards

GOLF is played in various remote places and under a number of strange circumstances, but nowhere, perhaps, is the game "enjoyed" in a more curious setting than on the Nyeri course in the Kenya Colony of East Africa.

Tall-talking golfers who like to tell of how they have sliced balls into the rough, only to see them strike birds in flight and go thrashing down on the green, for a hole-in-one would not have a prayer in the company of loquacious sportsmen who have played the Nyeri course.

In Africa, they do things on a big scale. A hazard, any kind of hazard, is something worthy of its name, and when the Nyeri course was laid out the men who designed it did not have to worry about putting in artificial traps to make the game more difficult, and therefore more interesting.

Nature took care of that for them, not only by providing considerable interest in the rough and broken countryside, but also by populating the district with various four-footed hazards, whose frequent appearance on the links has a definite tendency to heighten interest, if not in the next shot, certainly in the nearest tree.

It's no uncommon sight to see a wild animal on the Nyeri course—such as the ponderous rhinoceros shown in the photograph above taking his own sweet time as he stalks across the fairway, just as if he owned it. As a matter of fact, he practically does own it, whenever he takes a notion to use it as a shortcut between waterholes—for no ordinary golfer cares to dispute possession with him.

Of course, there are some more daring players who insist that in Africa it is not only proper—but advisable to equip a golf bag along with driver, putter, niblick, and spoon, with a high-powered rifle. But that's a lot of trouble, and usually when a rhinoceros a hippopotamus or a lion shows up, Kenya golfers give him all the room he wants, and take care not to offend him with any unnecessary insults.

The grass in this region is so discolored from lack of rain that it would be bragging to speak of "greens." So the putting areas are called "browns," and the man who takes care of them is the "browns keeper"—and does he fret when a rhino comes along. For as might be supposed there is no way to teach these animals to replace their divots.

The Golf Course at Nyeri, Kenya Colony, Where It Is No Novelty to Run Across Such Hazards as a Rhinoceros. There Are No Greens in the Region. The Grass Is So Discolored That the Golfers Refer to the Fairways as "Browns."

One of the tallest stories repeated in the Nyeri course clubhouse is the one about the golfer who drove a ball only a few feet from a full-grown giraffe. He frightened the elongated animal away by making an approach shot, with another ball, that hit the critter about half way up its towering neck.

Lynched for Murder, Although Victim Lived

ONE of the strangest executions on record is to be found in the records of this country was brought to light the other day with the discovery of a file of musty old public documents at Sacramento, California.

Among these long-lost papers was an account of the conviction and hanging of one Frederick J. Roe, a professional gambler with a mean disposition and a quick temper.

It seems that Gambler Roe, angered when Charles Myers attempted to stop a fight between him and another man, pulled out his six-shooter and shot the would-be peacemaker down.

Myers, a solid citizen, who always behaved himself, was popular with his fellow citizens who, quickly gathering about the spot he had fallen, demanded the life of Roe.

The city marshal, reminding the mob that Myers was still alive and might not die, managed to get Roe to the comparative security of the jail. It wasn't legal, he said, to execute a man for murder until the victim was dead.

But legal or not, the people of Sacramento clamored for the life of the gambler, and some of them formed themselves into a jury.

Goaded by the yells of a mob of some 2,500 people, the jury rushed through a verdict of guilty on the charge of murder, stormed the jail, pulled the trembling gambler from his cell and strung him up to a tree.

Myers was still alive and had a fair chance to recover. He did, however, die several days later.

"Constitution Trees" for Everybody

ONE of the major features of the nation-wide observance of the Sesquicentennial of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, which begins on September 17, 1937, continuing until May, 1939, will be a tree-planting program on the most extensive scale ever undertaken anywhere in the world. Representative Sol Bloom, of New York, Director of the Constitutional Sesquicentennial Commission, announces that trees in wide varieties of sturdy stocks suitable for the different climate environments will be planted in cities, towns, villages and countryside school districts in every State of the Union, so that there will be rooted in the very soil in every part of the Republic these lasting natural memorials to the Constitution.

With State and city, town and country taking part in this tree dedicatory phase of the extended celebration, and with the American Tree Association cooperating, it is predicted that the total may equal the population of the United States. The Commission's ambitious goal is a "Constitution tree" for every man, woman and child in the country.

Professor Manasse, the Austrian Portrait Photographer, Who Has Been Winning Exhibit Prizes All Year, Has Just Come in First as a Result of This Fetching Pose by Mlle. Elfreda Jerra, His Favorite Model. The Title of the Photo Is, "She Wouldn't Say 'Yes,' and She Wouldn't Say 'No.'"

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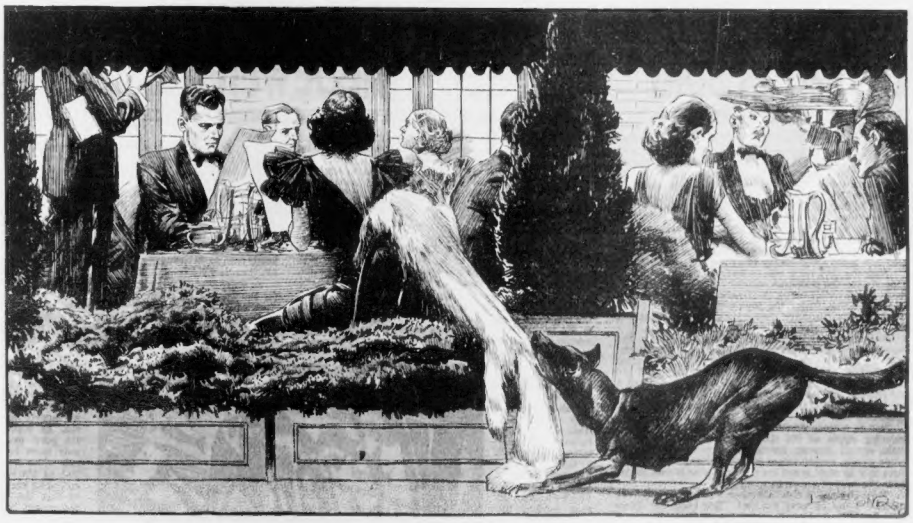
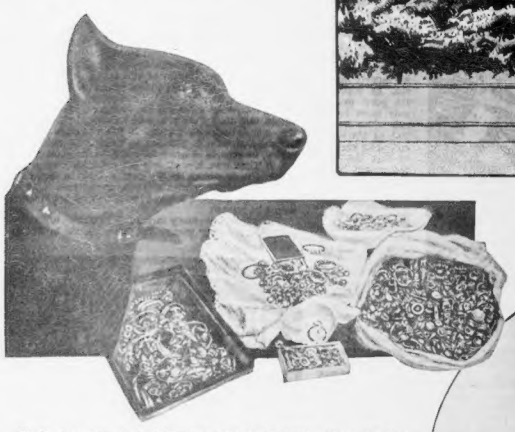
Exploits of "Baby," A-1 Thief Dog, Who Simply Can't Reform

Trained to Steal From Puppyhood by One of Europe's Most Cunning Crooks; Now That She Has Been Lifted From Her Wicked Life She Finds It Impossible to Be Both Happy and Good



One of "Baby's" Pet Tricks Was to Pay Visits to the Sidewalk Cafes in France and Hungary, Spot an Attractive Fur and Gently Tug It Away Inch by Inch From the Unsuspecting Owner Until She Could Race Off With It and Join Her Beloved Crook Master.



The Intelligent Head of "Baby," and Some of the Jewelry Which She Had Accumulated by Stealing Handbags, and Which the Police Found in Her Master's Apartments.

Margot Bodo and Her Little Dog "Toto," With Whom "Baby" Made Friends With Felonious Intent, and, Accompanying Her to Her Mistress' Home, Got Away With a Valuable Gold Mesh Bag.

Lucy Brody, Another Hungarian Actress, Who Was a Victim of "Baby's" Art.

BUDAPEST, Sept. 19.

WHEN "Baby," Europe's most famous dog thief, was paroled recently after her successful career of crime, the police of Paris and Budapest were pleased. They were very glad to know that Baby would no longer mingle with evil companions, but would become the pet of Bela Fabian, an upright lawyer and member of the Hungarian Parliament, who offered to adopt her. Mr. Fabian, the police knew, had a way with him. No one was better qualified to redeem Baby from the path of crime which her canine feet had trod so lightly.

But when Mr. Fabian took Baby home and tried to reform her, he soon discovered that the old proverb, "Once a thief, always a thief," held for dogs as well as for men. Not only did Baby cling to her criminal habits, but, trained to silence from puppyhood on, she refused to bark at intruders, and wasn't even a good watchdog.

As with many an erring youngster, Baby's departure from the straight and narrow path was due to bad company. As a small and homeless Tuberculin-Pinscher puppy she adopted Bandor Valentin of Budapest shortly after the latter had been turned loose from the Paris jail where he had served a term for robbery.

For several weeks Valentin trained Baby in the business of thievery. He was a good teacher, and she was an intelligent pupil, and the irony of the situation was that if he had taught her responsible tricks instead of crooked ones, he could have put Baby on the vaudeville stage and earned a decent living in that way. But Valentin preferred a life of crime and such, under his influence, did Baby.

Baby's first job was executed in one of the power sections of Paris even before her preliminary training had been completed. Valentin picked up one of the most expensive and while pretending to examine it, rubbed a small piece of chopped meat which he had concealed in his palm, across the back of the watch. Then he made an elaborate show of replacing it in the tray.

"This one pinches me," he told the clerk. "And now I would like to see a gold chain to go with it."

As the clerk turned to get his tray of watch chains, Valentin barked at the alert Baby. Then he turned to the clerk and engaged him in conversation while examining the chains. When he finally selected one, Baby had disappeared. And so had the watch which Valentin had previously handled.

The clerk was puzzled and annoyed—so much so that he had forgotten Baby. He had remembered that Valentin had replaced the watch on the tray. He saw him move away from the tray to examine the chains. And yet the watch was gone. Valentin was concerned too. He helped the clerk look and even offered to be searched if the clerk was suspicious.

He finally expressed his sympathy as well as his regret that inasmuch as he could not purchase the watch he desired, he would have no need of the chain. Then he returned to his flat.

Baby was there ahead of him. She had gently laid the stolen timepiece upon his bed, and when she saw Valentin she wagged her tail and begged for approval. He gave her a pat on the head, which signified that she had become a full-fledged dog thief.

Maybe that pat made her conceited. Perhaps it was because she really took a canine pride in her thievery. Whatever it was from then on, Baby became a four-footed, elusive Raffles, who stole with zest and daring. Not only did she steal valuable articles under Valentin's direction in various Parisian stores, but she developed a technique of her own which she put into execution when Valentin wasn't along.

When alone she would visit one of the numerous sidewalk cafes at cocktail time when it was most crowded. Her dark liquid eyes would take on a false look of pathos which was a part of the act.

"Poor dog," a woman would murmur sympathetically. "How hungry you must be!"

The victim would hold out scraps of food which Baby would take gently as if she were truly grateful. Then when the benefactor turned away, Baby would tug gently at an attractive fur she had spotted until she had possession and could race off with it. If anyone saw the dog running with the loot in her mouth, he probably thought that the owner had taught her an innocent trick just the way some dogs are trained to carry newspapers, pipes and other objects in their mouths.

Baby got bolder and bolder. One day she even made a "snatch" in a dog-show. Although there were better looking Dobermann-Pinschers entered in the show, she literally ran away with the gold medal, proving also that she had a sense of humor.

On this occasion she mingled with the crowd, not far away from the table where the prizes were being exhibited. Suddenly she lunged at the table, grabbed a gold medal between her jaws and was off like a shot.

This exploit proved just a bit too daring. Previously people could not be certain just what Baby had been up to but this latest coup had been made in the presence of many witnesses.

"Stupid!" Valentin reproved Baby when she laid the medal on the bed. "You forget that I am still the master. I run things, not you. It will go hard with both of us now if the police see us together."

That night he placed Baby in a large, comfortable traveling box in the baggage car and took the train for Budapest, where he engaged a small flat.

Valentin went out to look over the new territory and spot a house or two for robbery. Baby went out on her own, too. In a few days she had become familiar with the new flat and its location in relation to the cafe district and she started her solitary raids.

Within a week she had stolen an ermine cape which Lucy Brody, a well-known actress, had left in a cloak room of a fashionable restaurant, and a gold mesh bag from Margot Bodo, the famous dancer. She had deceitfully made friends with Toto, the dancer's dog, romped with her into her mistress' home, and stolen the first thing of value in sight—the mesh bag.

The ermine cape theft was typical of Baby's technique. At a moment when the cloak room attendant was busy with three or four people, Baby slunk behind the counter, grasped the fur piece and made for the door.

Before the surprised cloak room attendant or the even more surprised owner of the cape realized what was happening, Baby had disappeared down the street with the loot in her jaws and no one who could be recognized as the master of the animal was in sight.

That night when Valentin looked over the stolen goods he was undecided whether to be grateful to Baby for the valuable fur piece and gold mesh bag which he could dispose of for a good sum, or be angry at her.

Baby must be taught to give up snatching—well, anyway, so brazenly. That very night, he decided, he would start her on her career as his accomplice.

He had selected the house of a wealthy physician for his first job. Baby, with her keen sense of smell could give warning much more promptly than any human lookout. With so efficient an aide, there was little chance for Valentin to get caught. He had taught Baby to give warning quietly. She must not bark. If someone approached she was to scratch at the door.

The pair set out that night. Valentin entered the house without difficulty and was in the very act of piling up the banknotes which the good doctor had accommodatingly left in his safe when he heard Baby bark. He hurried to her to be quiet, and she became mute while Valentin stood in the dark, too frightened to run, inwardly cursing the dog for having barked in spite of all her training.

He stood still for five minutes and no one entered the room. Cautiously he opened the door. There was no one there. It had been a false alarm.

Then Valentin saw why Baby had barked. The door was padded with a tapestry hanging. Baby had undoubtedly scratched first and then knowing that her scratches would not be heard she had taken a chance and barked.

When they got back to the flat and Valentin counted his haul he saw that it had been a profitable night's work. But he didn't venture out again with Baby until he had taught her that no matter what happened, she must not bark.

Then there followed a series of robberies which baffled the police. The burglar or burglars seemed to be phantoms who vanished at the slightest sound, and who not only did not venture into the traps which the aroused police set, but seemed to sense the slightest hint of danger from afar.

And so Valentin kept the police of Budapest guessing. They might be puzzled yet, were it not for Baby's love for snatching. One day while Valentin was out, she entered a pawnshop, grabbed a few gold rings and fled. Unfortunately for Valentin, she chose to steal from the shop where he had pawned the gold mesh bag.

The owner of the pawnshop recognized Baby. He also thought that it was a pretty shabby trick of Valentin to steal from one who helped him dispose of his loot—really a partner in crime. Wasn't there any honor among thieves any more? He sent an anonymous letter to the police stating that if they would call at Valentin's flat they might find something that interested them.

When the Budapest police broke into the flat they discovered a great deal of loot which Valentin had not had time to dispose of. They took him off to jail and Baby for the first time knew what it was to be in the clutches of the law.

Valentin was sent away for a term in prison. But when it came time to sentence Baby, the judge discovered that there wasn't anything in the law regarding a canine Raffles.

Mr. Fabian, who happened to be present, took an interest in the case. Baby looked so intelligent and so innocent that he reasoned, with the right kind of surroundings, she could once again take her place in honest dog society.

He said as much to the judge and Baby was promptly placed in his custody.

Even before he got Baby safely home, Mr. Fabian discovered that he had undertaken more than he had bargained for. As they walked through the streets, Baby stopped at sidewalk cafes en route, calmly looked over the diners, and nearly pulled the leash out of Mr. Fabian's hand when she spotted a likely "snatch." Four times he had to apologize to Baby's prospective victims and return trinkets with which she would have bolted were it not for the leash which Mr. Fabian now tightly clutched.

At home matters were much the same. Baby could not be allowed the run of the house, for she looked upon all articles of value as fair loot. Chained on the grounds, she merely sulked, and, having been thoroughly trained by Valentin not to bark, she refused to give an alarm when strangers were about.

Nevertheless, since the dog is in his custody, Mr. Fabian feels that he owes a debt to society in continuing to try to reform Baby. He feels her soft and treats her kindly. But when he takes her for a walk, he leads her to the park at times when he is sure there will be only a few other strollers.

More and more, as the days go by, he admits to himself the truth of the old adage that "You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

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Nasty Things Lady Twysden's Daughter Said

MR. JOHN CHRISTOPHER MAINWARING LONSDALE of a fashionable London suburb recently was faced with a disagreeable task. He is an outstanding man of high social position and he was engaged to marry a member of Mayfair society. With many blushes his fiancee told him one day that it was all over town that he was suffering from a loathsome disease which marked him as a man no girl would want to marry.

Mr. Lonsdale was stunned. It wasn't true. But everybody believed it was true. What could he do, what should he do to disprove the nasty gossip and reassure the girl who had promised to marry him?

Well, the first thing was to find the slanderous tongue that started the malicious scandal. And to his astonishment Mr. Lonsdale traced the fountain head of the scandal to Miss Fayoria Blake, the 20-year-old daughter of Lady Twysden. He discovered that one evening at a night club, Miss Blake had whispered the ugly rumor about him.

But why she did so, Mr. Lonsdale did not know. Perhaps she was a bit envious of the beautiful Miss Evelyn Nobody to whom Mr. Lonsdale was paying devoted attention. Perhaps she was bored with the ordinary small talk and chatter of her set and wanted to cast a bombshell in her friend's ear. Whatever the reason was which caused her to do so, the effect was serious and nearly ruined Mr. Lonsdale's life.

Just as a stone dropped in still water causes an ever widening ripple, so did the scandal whispered by Miss Blake spread through Mayfair society. Friends of the young couple acquaintances and then strangers who knew them only by sight heard the ugly rumor as it was relayed from one gossipy person to another.

"Dear Evelyn," a scandalmonger would say sympathetically, "I feel so sorry for her! You know her fiance, John Lonsdale. I think the poor would be dropped to a whisper on the end of the false story which Miss Blake had started would be poured into eager ears.

Miss Wolseley finally heard the story after it had been widely circulated through the fashionable London suburb in which she lived. When she met Miss Blake at a tea-party she heard the ugly rumor as it was relayed from one gossipy person to another.

Just as a Stone Dropped in Still Water Causes an Ever Widening Ripple, So Did the Scandal Whispered by Miss Blake Spread All Through the Mayfair Set.

was greatly shocked but she suddenly realized why she had been puzzled by the unusual conduct of her friends. Many of them had talked to her in a sympathetic tone of voice, the reason for which she had not understand. Others had stopped talking when she approached or rapidly changed the subject they had been talking about.

When she heard the ugly scandal about Mr. Lonsdale, she decided to talk the problem over with him. He was amazed when she told him, for he had not heard the rumors although he was the one involved. He was wise enough to see the uselessness of attempting to deny the scandal. It had spread much too rapidly for him to do so and to protest his innocence would be but to convince people that the malicious rumor was true. Still, in order to prevent the rumor and perhaps life from being ruined, he knew that he had to do something and do it fast. That was how he came to track down the source.

He then decided that nasty and repulsive as it was to him and his fiancee, the only method left to still the whispers and kill the scandal was to air the matter publicly. And so he took the matter to court as that a judge and jury, by declaring him innocent would once and for all free him and his fiancee from malicious gossip.

When he proceeded against Miss Blake in court, she admitted that she had started the stories about him. On two occasions she admitted she had whispered to friends that Mr. Lonsdale had a loathsome disease. Her friends had no time in passing the scandalous gossip on to others.

She was conscious stricken at the harm which her wagging tongue had brought to two innocent lives and she was anxious to make amends. She married through a lawyer to Mr. Lonsdale her unqualified apology for any pain which her words may have caused him. Miss Blake's lawyers informed the court: "She is also prepared to do whatever is in her power to put the matter right."

Mr. Lonsdale was pleased to learn that a young girl of many others who did not have the wisdom and restraint of a person of more advanced years, she had yielded to the temptation to gossip. The judge had his own opinion about the matter, however, and told the jury that anything more disgraceful would be hard to imagine.

But Mr. Lonsdale, the man who had been wronged, did not seek revenge although the feeling for him was so great that he might have taken advantage of it. Instead he told the court, that the most important thing was for him to have his name cleared.

The jury did not waste any time in awarding him $2,500 and cheers and congratulations from all who heard that had been circulated about him. When the Judge heard the verdict, she breathed a deep sigh of relief and said: "I know John was innocent of all the nasty things that were said about him and I was determined to clear his name.

"He knew nothing of these beastly rumors until I told him, and we immediately started to trace them to their source. I believed John so completely that when he proposed to me after he had started the action I accepted, knowing full well the honor would be vindicated in the courts.

"It is unfortunate that Mayfair is a hive of gossip, much of which is scandalous and I hope that the verdict will put an end to such scandal-mongering."

Owns More Pearls Than All The Jewelers

ALTHOUGH the little known country of Bahrein which he rules under the protection of Great Britain is but a speck on the map of the Persian Gulf, the powerful Sheikh Sir Hamad bin Isa al Khalifah, by shrewd planning has made it one of the richest pearling centers in the world, yielding more than $7,500,000 worth of the precious gems every year.

Bearing with him some of the smooth, round and nearly priceless pearls which have aroused the interest and admiration of London's most prominent jewelers and collectors, the Sheikh recently arrived in England to receive from the king the insignia of Knight Commander of the Indian Empire. With him came his two sons, Sheikh Daij and Sheikh Abdulla as well as several servants.

Dressed in a long, russet-brown cloak, richly embroidered in gold and wearing a pearl-encrusted scimitar, the tall, broad-shouldered, sixty-year-old king had a twinkle in his eye when he was shown some of the wonders of science and methods of modern business as he went sight-seeing in London.

"I am delighted to be in this country. This is the first time a ruling Sheikh of Bahrein has visited England. I am looking forward very much indeed to my stay," he told his friends, and then revealed how, without the conveniences of such modern inventions as adding machines, typewriters, diving suits, telephones and pulmotors, he nevertheless has made the pearl industry of Bahrein one of the foremost in the world.

To Conserve His Strength Each Diver Is Given a Rope Puller to Work with Him and He Is Lowered Into the Water to a Depth of from 40 to 60 Feet Where He Picks Up the Oysters.

The Sheikh gets his share of every pearl that is found by "protecting" the divers.

Several years ago when the British made a treaty with his country and became strongly interested in it because of its strategic location as a link in airplane communication between England and India, they undertook to rid the Persian Gulf of the pearl pirates who preyed on the Sheikh's subjects. With the English behind him, policing the Gulf with gunboats, the Sheikh can guarantee that lawful divers will not be troubled. In return he gets his share of all pearls found.

Since there are more than a thousand boats and twenty thousand divers working during the pearling season, which extends from April to October, his share when collected is a large one. No Westerner is permitted to fish for pearls by the Sheikh's orders for that might interfere with the simple but ingenious method which he has worked out to make sure that he would not be cheated.

Since his country has people of many different sects and religions, in signing the crews aboard the boats he makes a careful selection so that one set of pearl-divers will keep an eye on another set on the same boat. Thus the captains are instructed to employ some Persians who will keep their eye on the Bedouins, who in turn will watch the Nejdies, who will see that the Arabs or the Bagdadies will not pocket a few of the precious pearls when the captain or representative of the Sheikh is not looking.

This simple system, the Sheikh pointed out is much more fool-proof than a whole flock of accountants and bookkeepers, and it is also used in the Bahrein custom houses.

The Sheikh's system goes even further than this. None of the thousand captains may start to fish for pearls when he wishes. The season is opened and closed by official order and when the booming of a cannon announces that the season has opened, the personal representative of the Sheikh is on hand to sail from one boat to another and make sure that the captain is paying attention to his duties.

The divers do not get wages for their work. Instead they get a small share of the season's haul, thus having reason to work all the harder. Since many of them are religious and might be tempted to spend some of their time praying, the Sheikh has even provided a general handy-man to do their praying for them so that they would not take time out from their diving!

In order that they might conserve all of their strength for the actual diving, each diver is given a rope-puller to work with him. When he is ready to dive, he picks up a large stone, after he has stripped to his loincloth and clamped his nostrils shut with a device which looks something like a clothes-pin. Then he steps in a loop at the end of a rope and the rope puller lowers him rapidly into the water to a depth of from forty to sixty feet. Then, as quickly as he can, he picks up the pearl oysters, puts them in the net, which he has tied to his waist, and jerks his rope so that the rope-puller will haul him to the surface.

The diver only stays below from thirty seconds to two minutes at a time, depending upon how cold the water is. While the Sheikh knows that the most valuable pearls may be found at depths greater than the natives may dive, he will not purchase any modern diving suits, nor is there a single pulmotor on any of the pearling boats to revive divers.

If a diver should stay under water too long, if the strong currents of the Gulf should carry him away from the boat or if one of the many murderous sharks should grab him, it is the "Will of Allah the Compassionate," and just too bad. In addition to facing these dangers, many of the divers become deaf from the pressure of the water on their ear-drums. Others develop heart trouble or tuberculosis from exposure in the water due to the many dives which they make each day that the pearling fleet is working.

In spite of these dangers which the divers face, however, there is no trouble in signing on a crew for in a successful season a diver will make enough money from his share to spend the rest of the year idling in Bahrein. Then, if he should be unlucky, or lose his money in gambling, which is often the case, he may go to his captain and get money in advance against the next season's diving.

Following the World War, the pearling business in Bahrein took a slump. Sheikh Sir Hamad bin Isa al Khalifah found that the European pearl buyers who once sought him out with their pockets bulging with cash, either did not visit him, or if they did, had little money. As a result some of the most precious pearls which found their way into his treasury remained there until he now owns more than all the jewelers.

With world conditions better, however, and the pearl market increasing in activity, the ruler of Bahrein may soon sell many of the exquisite gems which for many years have been stored away in the strong vaults of his palace.

Quebec Puts End To Tourist Trade Traps

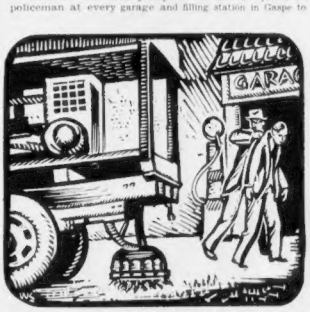
DISAPPOINTED with the promised harvest to be reaped from tourists when their peninsula was encircled with a modern highway, several over-ambitious residents of Gaspe, Quebec, discovered a simple method of extracting money from travelers. Their discovery for a time threatened to ruin their new tourist industry entirely and eventually resulted in huge expenditures by the Quebec Government to protect visitors.

The method was essentially simple. Garage owners and filling station operators, sorrowful at the sight of speeding motorists passing their very doors, decided that these motorists could quite easily be persuaded to stop and buy simply by having nails placed on the approaching highway. Their decision was quickly followed by action, and tourists in Gaspe soon found that on this particular highway they encountered more than an average number of punctures.

In numerous settlements garage owners resorted to this simple trade-encouraging device. Business boomed and more took up the idea. Then, suddenly, business began to decline. Gaspe, the best advertised of all Quebec resort and tourist regions, began to lose favor with motorists, and the government officials became curious. Investigators were sent throughout the territory and, on return, they confirmed the tales that had been told by numerous travelers. They found a very definite tire-puncturing campaign designed to increase the flow of gold into Gaspe pocketbooks and reported accordingly to their superiors.

More investigators and government officials finally toured Gaspe, investigating the charges. They were convinced that they were true, and returned to Quebec City, the capital, to discuss action. In the meantime they were advised that tourists planning to visit Gaspe had been diverted, by reports of tire puncturing, to the north shore of the St. Lawrence, immediately below Quebec City and had confined their touring to the district between Quebec and Tadoussac, where habitants, longer accustomed to the annual foreign invasion, realized better how guests in Canada should be treated.

Since it was obviously impossible to station a provincial policeman at every garage and filling station in Gaspe to



Offenders Were Promptly Arrested, and a Special Truck With Sweepers and a Powerful Magnet Was Employed to Clear the Highway of Nails. Tourists Are Happy Again.

prevent the inhabitants from driving away their own livelihood, and since educational methods produced very unsatisfactory results, the government eventually tested the merits of a moving vacuum cleaner, mounted on a truck, which was said to draw up all bits of metal from a road surface by magnetism.

The truck was secured and thoroughly tested. During tests it accumulated several pounds of miscellaneous metals per day, including a few nails. Highways treated were then gone over carefully and found to be absolutely cleared of all metals. The truck was then despatched to Gaspe.

Today, highways department officials state, the nuisance has almost entirely been wiped out. The truck tours the highways regularly and its harvest of metal shows steady declines. Roads on which it makes a heavy toll are carefully watched; garage owners are warned and, if caught, are arrested. Constantly inhabitants of the region are having impressed upon them the value of tourist traffic and the courtesy that must be extended to visitors.

"The trouble is, of course," one roads department official said, "that the people of Gaspe have been cut off from the world for so long that they do not yet understand that this tourist traffic is something that will continue and will grow from year to year. Many of them were convinced that the whole of America visited them the first year and that there was nobody left to come the next season. So, they decided, they must make a killing then. Now, as Summer after Summer the tourist traffic increases, they are beginning to realize the true situation. We have been educating them gradually, and our program is producing good results. The truck itself has undoubtedly saved many American tourists from annoyance, but, more than that, it impresses upon the natives the fact that the government is on the job. It also enables us to check up on the various districts and, if necessary, assign police to watch those areas where the practice has been found to be most troublesome."

Another roads department official points out that as far as the natives of Gaspe are concerned, it is a case where they "can not see the woods because of the trees." The natural beauties of the Gaspe peninsula and its rugged coast has a great appeal for hundreds of thousands of American motorists who do not go to Canada now for the same reason that they did when there was liquor prohibition in the United States.

"The hectic boom period of the tourist invasion of Canada ended with Repeal in the United States," the official said. "Since that time there has been a more stable, more constructive tourist boom, which we believe will be a lasting one. People now come to admire our scenery instead of our liquor."

In the neighboring province of Ontario, the natives of the smaller towns and villages have given no thought to tire-puncturing or other trade-catching devices. They have not had to. Ever since the Dionne quintuplets were born there has been a steady stream of automobile tourists driving in to Callander, and the tourist camps, hotels, garages and other businesses which cater to the tourist trade en route have enjoyed a boom.

This Summer from 4,000 to 6,000 visitors daily have made the pilgrimage to Callander to see the quints at play. They are admitted free, but a lot of money is being made in the sale of souvenirs.

Apartment Blamed For Epidemic Of Strange Suicides

THOMAS MALIOS, the owner of a luxurious apartment house at 61 Patesia Street, one of the aristocratic streets in Athens, recently discovered that a six-story apartment house can be a very poor way of investing one's money.

From a peaceful dwelling, the building was all of a sudden transformed into a nightmare for tenants and owner.

About a month ago Eumorphia Mylonas, a 20-year-old housemaid employed by one of the tenants, Doctor S. Theophile, determind to put an end to her life. She locked herself in her employer's workroom, turned on the gas and waited for the end. The doctor, who on that day happened to return to his flat earlier than usual, found his servant in an almost hopeless condition. He took her to the nearest first aid station, where she finally recovered her senses.

To the police the girl said that she had wished to die, because she was tired of work and life.

The episode was soon forgotten. But several days ago, the tenants were taken by surprise. A second housemaid, Calliope Moraites, aged 23, working for one of the fifth-story families, had committed suicide, falling from the window of the room in which the first girl had attempted to end her life. Calliope had run to the assistance of the doctor when the first attempt had taken place. Ever since she had not been able to put the incident out of her mind. According to the doctor's testimony, she had often visited his flat on the pretext of wanting to borrow something.

On the day of her death she had been discussing with her mistress the attempt of the first girl. One of her remarks was: "She didn't know how to commit suicide. I can show you how it's done." Her mistress thought it all a joke and paid no attention to the girl's words. Calliope went to the telephone and called up her sister whom she begged to take good care of their mother in the future. She then hung up the receiver and went to the doctor's flat. She rushed to the window and fell into the street, meeting instant death.

Two days elapsed. The tenants had not quite recovered from the shock, when a third attempt was made in the same house. This time, a coal-carrier, C. Leonidas, 45 years old and the father of three children, came into the house with his load. In the corridor, he heard the servants speak of the recent suicide. He asked to see the window from which the girl had fallen. "A nice place from where to commit suicide," said he thoughtfully. The others smiled. Leonidas proceeded to the top floor. In a few seconds, he was found in the courtyard, a shapeless mass.

The tenants lost no time. They began to look for new homes. The spectre of death seemed to be lingering in the corridors of the house. Many lost their sleep haunted, as they were, by the fear lest they might become the victims of the same idea. They could no longer live peacefully in a place which seemed to invite people to commit suicide.

One of the flats was occupied by a psychiatrist. He rallied the other tenants and told them his thoughts. It was his conviction that the phenomenon belonged to the domain of psychiatry. They had to deal with an unsettled psychiatric question; whether the psychical world of human beings can exert any influence on their lifeless environment.

The psychiatrist further stated that he had reasons to believe that the apartment house in question was, so to speak, haunted by the idea of suicide. He had discovered police records referring to the death of a workman, who had been found lying dead on the pavement when the house was being erected. At the time, his fall had been ascribed to carelessness. The psychiatrist, however, asserts that it was a case of suicide, as he has concluded from interrogating several workmen.

The owner has declared that he will bring suit against his tenants for deserting the house before their leases have expired. He also intends to file suit against the psychiatrist, who, with his "scientific assertions," dealt the final blow on the reputation of the apartment house.

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Comical Mr. Sedley's Sad Matrimonial Problem

Curious Predicament of One of Broadway's Funniest Funny Men Who Can't Marry Without a Solemn Court's Consent and Who Has Just Lost His Third Beautiful Bride Because He Forgot to Get It

Harriet Hilliard, Popular Singer, Now Mrs. Ozzie Nelson, Who Was Going to Divorce Roy Because of His Distressing (to Her) Habit of Losing His Pants in Public, but Who Found She Didn't Have to Get a Divorce Because He Hadn't Had the Right to Marry Her.

Sheilla Terry, Mr. Sedley's First Beautiful Bride, Whose Divorce Raised the Bars Between Him and Other Beautiful Brides of the Future.

Betty Kean, the Charming Comedy Dancer Who Left Roy Almost at the Altar, Unkissed, When She Discovered He Had Had No Right to Marry Her.
Photo by the Well-known Theatrical Photographer, Murray Korman, of New York.

Mr. Roy Sedley, the Popular Broadway Funny Man.

BROADWAY audiences roared at his antics when he was on the stage, but at home his funniest gag was a perfect flop.

When Betty Kean Sedley, the musical comedy dancer recently secured an annulment from her very funny husband, Roy Sedley, the well-known Broadway comedian, she became the third in the trio of beautiful wives who had walked out on him, and the droll antics for which audiences from Passaic Trot to Broadway have paid top prices to see.

It was all very disconcerting to the funny Mr. Sedley whose gags have never missed fire on the theatre stage, but usually seem to fizzle out like a wet five-cracker on his domestic battleroom. In 1935 Harriet Hilliard, now the wife of Ozzie Nelson, the crooner's leader, had also secured an annulment. And back in 1934, Mr. Sedley's first wife, Sheilla Terry, then a vaudeville star, had not only walked out on him but had secured a type of divorce which could tie up a man in legal knots if he ever wanted to get married again.

Maybe Sheilla figured that in spite of the fact that she no longer wanted her Roy he was much too good-looking to pass along to any other wife. Maybe, on the other hand, she was so fed up with his peculiar brand of humor that she thought any other wife would be too, and that she owed it to her sex to preserve it from the touch of it.

Whatever it was according to the terms of the divorce which she obtained in New York State, Mr. Sedley could not marry again while she was alive, except by express permission of the court. That of her husband's marrying again without that permission any wife who got tired of his antics could wait out on him by simply getting an annulment. Furthermore Mr. Sedley couldn't get the court's permission to wed unless he could prove he had been very very good for a whole year.

Now the most upsetting thing that can happen to an actor, be he comedian, ventriloquist, acrobat or tragedian, is to have an audience walk out on him, regardless of how small and select that audience may be. Compared to this, the applause of displeasure which audiences resorted to a generation ago, such as hissing, demanding the hook or laying a barrage of assorted fruit, were as mild as stinging hymns at a stag smoker.

Mr. Sedley could step out before an audience that was sitting on its hands with a glum I-dare-you-to-make-me-laugh attitude and, in no time at all, have it rolling in the aisles with peals of laughter. But when it came to his private life, even his most priceless gag, the drop-the-pants bit, which he inserted with all the artistry which a virtuoso puts into a violin recital, was a complete bust.

His second wife, Harriet Hilliard, was particularly upset at this very funny gag on Mr. Sedley's repertoire, and his readiness to execute it any time and any place. In doing so he would exhibit a pair of underpants as colorful as an Italian fiesta, before which proper the brave, bright Sedley blushes. This very funny gag played a considerable part in Mr. Sedley's peculiar matrimonial fortunes, but to get a true perspective one must go back to the days when the Sedley pants were elastic belted and suspenderless, the zipper had not yet been invented, and all was right with the world.

Back in 1927, when vaudeville was still in its heyday, Sheilla Terry, a charming headliner, with her own act, was being courted by Benny Rubin, also a vaudeville star. Benny had introduced Sheilla and accepted and they were to be married in August. Both of them happened to be playing in Los Angeles when Sheilla decided that she needed a new dancing partner.

It occurred Roy Sedley to her. I know of no work, but had never met him. He married on from New York," Sheilla recalls.

Right there the unexpected happened. Roy and I fell in love at first sight. I was so astounded at my change of heart that I couldn't believe it was real. I hardly dared admit it to myself at first, and therefore I said nothing to Benny.

The next morning I eloped with Mr. Sedley to one of the beach towns near Los Angeles and was married by a justice of the peace."

They remained married for two years. Presumably during that time Sheilla discovered that the Mr. Sedley she had admired as a dancer, grated on her nerves as a comedian when off stage. One night when she came home to find in the Sedley apartment an unidentified young lady who appeared to be appreciative of Roy's brand of humor, she decided to get a divorce.

When she did so before Justice Tierney in the New York Supreme Court, the Justice himself put a reverse twist on one of the most classic lines in vaudeville—"Who was that lady I seen you with?"—after Dillon Ober, an actor, who was a witness, told of seeing "a young lady" at the Sedley apartment.

"The female of the species is not entitled to be called a lady when she is indiscreet," countered Justice Tierney.

And so Sheilla got her divorce. Sometime later she made another venture into matrimony when she married Major Laurence E. Clark, a New York banker, whom she divorced in 1934. The major, she charged, had criticized her hands, told her that her feet were too large, that she was a rotten singer, a terrible dancer, and was as awkward as an ox. But neither her marriage to the major nor her subsequent divorce had any bearing on Roy Sedley's status. Legally speaking she still had him tied up in knots from which, being a comedian and not a Houdini, he could not escape. He found this out later when he married beautiful blonde Harriet Hilliard.

In the meantime, the curtain is lowered for a second to denote the passing of several years during which Roy Sedley had perfected his drop-the-pants bit to side-splitting perfection and had become a famous comedian, while a young lady with an exquisite soprano voice was beginning to make Broadway sit up and take notice by the way she sang on the radio with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra.

It was Spring, and even the Spring of 1930 when the Great Depression was on, could be nice and rose-tinted to two people who were in love the way Roy and Harriet were. There was three-quarters of an inch of rain in Ottawa, Kansas, in June, a heat wave in New York in July, and the Hilliard-Sedley nuptials in Syracuse in August. Roy married a beautiful soprano, and Harriet married a comedian who had slipping pants and an open legal first mortgage on his person still held by another woman. Roy was so much in love he had rushed into matrimony without taking the precaution of getting the judge to give him that very necessary permission to do so.

This was a serious omission on Roy's part. After the marriage when he persisted in doing his drop-the-pants bit off the stage, as well as on it, and so brought considerable embarrassment to his bride, Harriet found out about the omission.

"If Roy is causing you such mortification that you want to get rid of him, you can do it with an annulment," someone whispered into her pretty pink ear. "You know, my dear, Roy really didn't have the right to get married at all!"

Harriet thought it over a lot. Since their marriage there had been one pants-dropping episode after another. She couldn't even take her comedian-husband to a sedate church social or a strawberry festival, she complained, for fear that he would liven things up by suddenly slipping off his pants and look for laughs with his striped, polka-dotted or plaid shorts flapping in the breeze.

Broadway expected him to go into his drop-the-pants-bit anywhere, come what may. Even at a meeting of the Ladies Aid Poetry and Marching Society, they'd expect him to push the preacher aside, tear off his coat and vest in simulated anger, wrinkle his schnozzle and then drop his pants. It got so that Harriet dreaded going any place with Roy, she said. She knew what to expect.

As Harriet was reported as saying at the time: "Everybody laughed when he went to the piano except me. No matter where we went to spend an evening, if Roy was asked to do a turn, off came the trousers."

Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad if the underwear thus revealed had been more discreet. But to get the full measure of the laugh, Roy had colored shorts especially designed for him. In another interview Harriet was quoted: "The underwear was terrible. It wouldn't have been so bad, perhaps, if he hadn't insisted upon displaying it whenever he could. Why, we'd have company—a lot of sedate old ladies around—he'd start gagging and smirking, and when they laughed at that he'd peel off his clothes and run around in those terrible striped things. They got an awful laugh—but not from me."

She told all this to the judge and added that there just was no stopping Roy. He would promise her faithfully to keep his pants up and his antics down and the very next night—zip would go the comedian in him.

The judge listened sympathetically and when he was also told about the open first mortgage on Roy, he promptly gave Harriet an annulment which enabled her to walk out on Roy in 1935.

Again the curtain drops to denote the passing of a few years. It is again Spring, the Spring of 1936. Out in Kansas folks were getting ready for another drought, in New York, Roy Sedley was still wowing them with his comedy and over in London, a pretty young musical comedy dancer, after a successful season abroad was preparing to return to New York to free herself of a funny-man husband who had never kissed her.

The pretty young dancer was twenty-two-year-old Betty Kean, who had married Roy secretly at Harrison, New York, in November, 1934. She had known about Roy's off stage antics and his favorite gag. That wasn't why she wanted to get rid of him. As a matter of fact she recently said:

"He behaved at all times as a gentleman, and a darn good looking gentleman too, I don't mind telling you."

What did irk Betty a great deal, however, was the fact that shortly after she eloped with Roy, even before he had time to give her a real, honest to goodness kiss, instead of the stage kiss which he planted briefly after the ceremony, somebody told her about that open legal first mortgage on him. Once again Roy had forgotten to obtain permission from the court to get married.

She told her troubles to Referee Thomas C. T. Crain in Manhattan Supreme Court recently and mentioned that she would have applied for an annulment much earlier if her theatrical career hadn't taken her off in a hurry to London. Betty got her rights and Roy got left—for the third time.

Along Broadway today they say that Roy got just what fate had in store for comedians who get married. Most comedians, the Broadway sophisticates point out, are never funny to their wives. As examples they point to such typical cases as Doc Rockwell, Roy Atwell and Frank Fay.

George Rockwell, better known as "Doc," is a specialist in medical comedy. On the air and on the stage he has sent audiences into hysterics, but his wife, Claire, could not quite reconcile herself to his jokes and got an interlocutory decree.

Roy Atwell, the word-mangling comedian, also of stage and radio fame, has twice been sued by wives who could not take matrimony entirely as a joke. The first was Dorothy Young, banker's daughter. The second, Ethel Smith, was a chorus girl.

It looked for a while as if Broadway was wrong about Barbara Stanwyck, the beautiful and talented motion picture actress, and her comedian-husband, Frank Fay, but they, too, finally parted. Not so long ago, a Los Angeles divorce court awarded Barbara a divorce on the grounds that Frank Fay got on her nerves and interfered with her work.

A man is never a hero to his valet, goes the old saying, and apparently the funniest funny-man is seldom funny to his wife.

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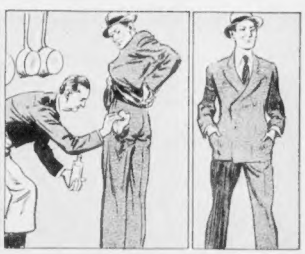
Magical Words for Waiters to Make You Eat More

The Waiter Carefully Brushing Off a Chair Suddenly Sees That the Guest Is About to Sit In Another on the Seat of Which Is a Small Piece of Pie—WHAT SHALL HE DO?

1—Too Late to Save the Guest from Being Seated, Ought He Immediately Call His Attention to the Fact, Probably Causing Him to Lose His Appetite and Diminish His Confidence in the Restaurant? No.

2—Or Ought He Let the Guest Finish His Meal and Depart Without Telling Him of the Spot on His Pants— Maybe Thereby Laying the Foundation for a Suit for Damages? No.



3—After Many Experiments It Was Decided That the Proper Way Was to Wait Until the Diner Had Finished His Meal, Then Say—"Oh, pardon me, Sir, but you have a spot on your trousers."—Then Carefully Sponge the Spot.

Also Eat More Expensively, Give Bigger Tips---Interesting New Application of "Tested Sentences" to Make People Buy Things

READERS of The American Weekly will recall an interesting page some months ago about "magic words" which make people buy things in the stores. Mr. Elwood Whooler, founder of Tested Selling, Inc., New York City, who tested them on 20,000,000 customers, has carried out similar experiments in restaurants. The results, published here for the first time, reveal that the smart waiter also has his magic words and behavior by which he soothes, guides and controls his unsuspecting guests. And this is of interest to those who eat as well as those who serve.

For instance, a man walks rapidly into a restaurant, a sign that he is in a hurry, and addresses the first wholesome-looking waiter he sees, a sign that he knows how to get quick service. He says:

"I want three four-minute boiled eggs and I can't wait more than one minute for them."

It is a preposterous request and the waiter might be pardoned for handling the man that it takes four minutes to boil a four-minute egg. But that is not the right answer. He should say:

"Yes, sir," followed by such a rapid walk to the kitchen that the guest feels that he is at least going to do his best. If the restaurant is a large and busy one and the waiter has luck, he may return within the minute by the guest's watch, fearing those impossible four-minute eggs and the cup of coffee he wants but didn't order.

The hurried guest appreciates magic, gives a nice tip and probably becomes a steady customer of that restaurant and that waiter when no has leisure to eat more substantial meals.

The next time he asks for that same miracle, he may not get it. That is just the trouble with magic, the conditions have to be just right. The waiter will then have to explain how he did it before. He simply found that another waiter had three four-minute eggs cooked and ready to be taken away but they had been ordered by a nice, dopey old person who wouldn't notice an extra ten minutes delay, while three more were being cooked for him.

At all costs a waiter must keep his customers in a cheerful frame of mind, otherwise they will not order much and may go out without anything being rung up on the cash register. This often means that the guests must be protected from each other and even from themselves.

The smart, alert waiter seeing a customer headed for one of his tables, pulls out the chair from what is the most popular place at that table, making sure that there are no crumbs on the seat. But the customer has other ideas, plumping himself in the opposite chair. Too late to save him, the waiter gets a glimpse of a piece of blueberry pie on the seat of that chair. What should the waiter do?

If told, the guest will jump up, be embarrassed or angry, eat little and perhaps nothing at all. But if nothing is said and he does not discover there is food on his coat tails until he is trying to impress the president of the company he seeks for, the guest may come back with wrath and a lawyer.

In his usual patient method, Mr. Wheeler experimented with this problem until he found a magic phrase that solved it in a gratifying manner to all concerned. The waiter should wait until the meal is over. Then he should walk up behind the departing guest, and say in a soft and soothing voice:

"I'm very sorry, sir, but you sat down in some food—if you will just step into the washroom I'm sure it can be wiped off so it won't show."

This has a tendency to make the guest feel that the waiter is an observing, discreet and trustworthy fellow, and it usually brings an additional tip, and return trips to that restaurant.

No problem is quite so complicated as the mother with a restful, genial child. Instinctively she heads for a hidden alcove where the other guests cannot see her offspring misbehave. But that hideaway is reserved for boisterous, drunken people, that dimly lighted corner is sacred to young couples, another secluded nook is for business men who want to talk business as they eat. The waiter leads the brat and its apprehensive mother to what seems the worst possible choice, a table on the platform or balcony, the most conspicuous place in the room. But he knows what he is doing. Children like to see everything and tend to keep quiet as long as they are interested in what they see.

The child must not raise a disturbance or its mother will not eat as much as she should, and what is worse other guests will be driven away. The magic of its place in the scene often wears off before the meal is over. Then it begins to throw silverware on the floor, tips over a glass of milk and, when rebuked, starts to howl. With every eye in the dining room on her, the mother fears she is beyond human aid.

Even the waiter has run away, but he returns with a magic "kid-silencer," a plate of vanilla ice cream. Chocolate would be just as effective but sometimes is not on a child's diet. That same conspicuous table is the one at which to plant a lady in a new milk coat, though in her case it is not to see but to be seen. There is no difficulty in shepherding her to that one but sometimes the "fit" maneuver objects to being his "fight" under a bushel and refuses to be parked out of sight.

In such cases the waiter must quiet his boisterous customer with a magic phrase. Of course he cannot tell him the truth that he is making an ass and a nuisance of himself or even hint at it. The sentence that does the trick nearly every time is this:

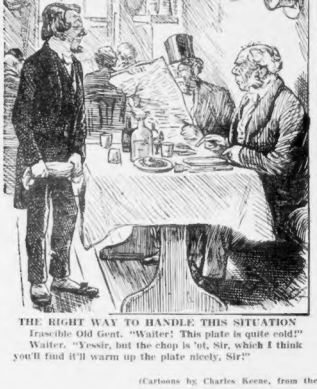
"It must be wonderful to feel so happy."

A RESTAURANT SITUATION WRONGLY HANDLED

Brown. "Give me the bill of fare, Waiter."
Head Waiter. "Beg pardon, Sir?"
Brown. "The bill of fare."
Head Waiter. "The what, Sir? O!—Ah!—Yes!"—(to Subordinate)—"Chawles, bring this—this—er—Gen'leman —the Menoo!"

ANOTHER WRONG WAY

Provincial Waiter. "Ice, Gentlemen? There ain't no ice in Autumn time. But it's easy to see you are gents from the city, as don't know much about Nature, and I don't blame you for it, of course. But, ice in August!" (Exit, Laughing.)



THE RIGHT WAY TO HANDLE THIS SITUATION

Irascible Old Gent. "Waiter! This plate is quite cold!"
Waiter. "Yessir, but the chop is 'ot, Sir, which I think you'll find it'll warm up the plate nicely, Sir!"

ANOTHER RIGHT WAY

Old Gent (disgusted). "Here, waiter! Here's a—Here's a—a—Caterpillar in this chop!"
Waiter. "Yessir. About the time o' year for 'em just now, Sir!"

(Cartoons by Charles Keene, from the English Satirical Journal, "Punch.")

The first effect of these words is that they are sweet flattery but slowly this is followed by a sour after-taste, suggesting that perhaps people think he isn't able to "hold his liquor well." He usually endeavors to disprove this by trying to appear as "sober as a judge," says expert magician, Wheeler.

Until recently only men offended in bad manners and bad taste in restaurants but just now the trend is the other way.

It would be a rare man who would take off his shoes while eating in public but it has become embarrassingly common among the fair sex, especially around Easter when they all buy new shoes and restaurant managers do not know what to do about it. They usually don't do anything unless the women attempt to dance barefooted. The lady-deterrer is:

"Someone may step on your toes, madam, which would be painful."

If the fair guest persists in taking a chance, the waiter then says:

"It is against the rules. You might suffer injury and then the restaurant would be liable for damages."

When guests make pencil diagrams on the table cloth, the waiter wants to say:

"You poor fish, where were you brought up?"

That would not be nice to a cash customer. Instead, he places a pad of paper beside the savage, saying in a helpful tone of voice:

"Paper would be easier to write on, Sir."

One of the cruellest problems of restaurants is people "without self-starters," who do not know enough to go home when they have finished their meal. Persons who have sense enough to come in when it rains and even to leave the theatre when the show is over, sometimes continue to sit at their table for an hour after it has been cleared, though there is no cabaret or other entertainment. That other guests are waiting for their places and that waiter and restaurant are losing money by their inconsiderateness, never strikes them and yet they must not be told.

After a while the waiter asks if he can get them another cup of coffee or something. If that fails to move them, the head waiter arrives with a beaming smile to ask if anyone has taken their order yet. The waiter corrects him in a horrified whisper, saying that they have finished long ago.

If that fails to have the desired effect, someone places on the table a "Reserved" card with the information that the party is expected in a few minutes, but perhaps they would like to sit at some other table. That will move most anyone, especially if there isn't any other table. It seems that such pests are called "wrecks" because they have to be "towed away."

When a pistol grip protrudes from a guest's pocket something must be done about it or other guests will lose appetite. The man may be an honest plain clothes policeman or he may be a gangster. In either case it has been found that such a customer does not like to have the gun called by any of its common names. The magic phrase to make him cover the weapon and smile is:

"You seem to have something dangerous sticking out of your pocket."

Another thing about which many people are sensitive is the pronunciation of words—and no one likes to be corrected, particularly by a waiter. Suppose, for instance, a guest orders chocolate mousse, and calls it "mouse" instead of "moose." By either name this dessert tastes the same, but should the waiter, knowing the proper way to say that word, deliberately mispronounce it, just to keep from embarrassing the guest?

If he does, the guest may later learn from his wife or other authority the right way to say it, and then feel the waiter was trying to make a fool out of him. In which case, he probably will not return to that restaurant—and in these highly competitive days, a waiter's livelihood depends a good deal on his ability to get and hold steady customers. Ordinarily a waiter should repeat each item in an order, but when a word is mispronounced he should simply write it down and say nothing—and if the guest afterwards learns better, he will be happy in thinking the waiter was every bit as ignorant himself.

Another time when a waiter should hold his tongue is when a guest comes in to breakfast with a grouch, or suffering from a "hang-over." A number of phrases were tried out, but none of them worked, not even a simple "good morning." It may be a "rare day in June," but so far as that guest is concerned there is nothing good about it. The best thing to do is put a cup of coffee in front of him, before he has time to ask for it, and then get his order quickly and correctly, without asking him to repeat it. He should be served quickly, too, for once he has food in his mouth he can't talk, and no matter what a grouch says, it's almost sure to be a complaint.

If two guests start arguing over who is to get the check, the waiter should size them up quickly, and if one is bluffing, he should give it to the one who really wants it. In that way, both are satisfied. Sometimes a waiter sees a guest start out with somebody else's overcoat, but it would never do to intimate that this was intentional, for that might result in a scene, and maybe a damage suit. The magic phrase here is: "I believe you have the wrong coat, Sir."

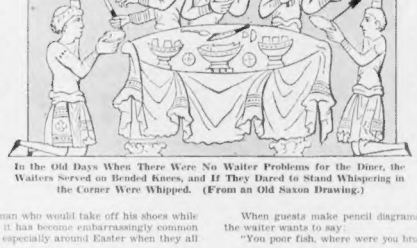
If the man is honestly embarrassed, it will do no harm to tell him that a bishop did the same thing the other day.

Dishonest persons may possibly eat in restaurants but the waiter must never suggest such a possibility. If one tries to pass counterfeit money, he should say sympathetically: "Someone must have given you a bad bill."

If a woman enters a restaurant by herself, it is a mistake for the head waiter to ask if she is alone. Perhaps her husband or sweetheart may have deserted and that word "alone" is like a slap in the face. "A single table?" may be bad in case she is an old maid because the word "single" is not good for her appetite. The right phrase is "table for one?"

In a large party, since the waiter does not know anybody's name, he usually identifies each one mentally in order with the orderer's personal appearance. A bald-headed man may be silently named "half-grape fruit," a lady with a long neck, "Turkey," and a thin but pretty girl, "sliced peach." It is no use asking the waiter how he has named you—he will never tell. Some waiters name only one person, and using them for a landmark number the others in rotation; but if they change places he is all mixed up.

Having copyrighted his trade mark "Tested Selling," Mr. Wheeler has been extending the principles of psychological selling to various fields. At a soda fountain, for instance, when a customer orders a malted milk if the clerk asks, "with an egg?" the quick and natural answer is "no." But if the clerk with two eggs in his hand, says: "One egg or two?" the horrified customer usually chooses the lesser evil of one, before he has time to think, that he isn't compelled to have any.



In the Old Days When There Were No Waiter Problems for the Diner, the Waiters Served on Bended Knees, and If They Dared to Stand Whispering in the Corner Were Whipped. (From an Old Saxon Drawing.)

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Why Gentle Women Become Ferocious Tigresses

The Atrocities and Cruelties of the Women Fighters in the Spanish Civil War No Surprise to Scientists for Reasons Which Prof. Laird Explains

Poster of the Spanish Red Loyalists Urging Women to Join the Militia.

Women Soldiers of the Spanish Reds Shooting Remorselessly and Capably at Revolutionists Over the Edge of a Hastily Dug and Shallow Trench.

By DONALD A. LAIRD,
Ph.D., Sc.D., Director, Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

"For the female of the species is more deadly than the male."
—Rudyard Kipling.

MOST persons have been astounded in reading about the fearsome exploits of cruelty performed by women fighting in the present civil war in Spain. But psychologists and historians were not the least surprised. They have long known that one of the paradoxes of woman's nature is that this home-loving creature, tenderly nursing her children, campaigning for world peace, and in general appearing soft and kind, has concealed within her nature a terrible fierceness which, once unloosed, knows no limits. Science finds there is considerable truth in Kipling's words: "For the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

In recent years, psychologists have made numerous experiments on personality traits which explain why woman is cruel in this way, but they have yet to tell the average person what to do about overcoming it. Drs. Lewis M. Terman and Catharine Cox Miles, of Stanford University, found that women were more emotional than men. And Psychologist Edward K. Strong, also of Stanford, has recently discovered that sense (cellular) characters which distinguished the masculine from the feminine make-up are, for the average woman to become more bright when offered some slight criticism, and for her to lose her temper more readily on any occasion.

Salesmen have found this out to their discomfort many times. It is the housewife who angrily slams the door in the solicitor's face, the society matron who calls the manager of the store to complain about the salesman. The customer who has to be handled with kid gloves is the woman buyer.

Policemen, also, have made a similar discovery. It is usually the woman they stop for running through a red light who energetically threatens to have the cop fired, or who tears up the traffic ticket and throws it in his face. And it takes two or three policemen to lug a screaming, struggling drunk woman into the patrol wagon.

Many husbands have also made the painful discovery for themselves that women are destined to be most childish in their emotional outbursts and childish seeking of revenge. A confidential study of prominent families from the Colgate laboratory, some time ago, showed that ten times as many women as men had seriously considered getting a divorce. When things go somewhat wrong with the matrimonial ship, it is usually the wife who wants to turn pirate and scuttle the ship, while the man is more inclined to try to ride out the storm.

Divorce and alimony proceedings in court are often turned into a melodrama by the woman's extreme efforts to do everything she can to show up and get even with the person she formerly loved. They will even besmirch their own characters in an effort to humiliate the person against whom they are aroused.

Woman's body build and emotional make-up are both more like the savage or child. Woman's trunk is relatively long in proportion to her leg length, which is the physical habitus as it is called of children and primitive races. Men do not have this infantile build: man's trunk is proportionately much smaller than his leg length. It takes men a few years longer than women to mature both physically and emotionally, but once matured they probably represent a less primitive level.

All the artifices and training of civilization merely conceal woman's closer savage kinship, they do not destroy it. The quiet ways and charming manners women acquire conceal this from most persons, who are consequently totally unprepared for the critical moments when the unleashed fury of an infuriated woman does break forth.

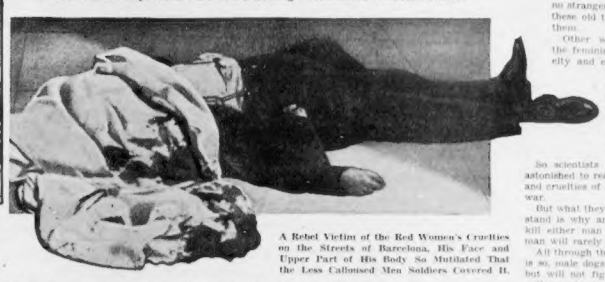
Psychoanalysts have found that this making a nice, quiet lady out of woman imposes them all the more to break out in some violent way later. When boys and girls are two years old they do an equal amount of fighting, screaming, and crying, according to the findings of Drs. Arthur T. Jersild and Frances V. Markey, of Columbia University. But about that age fathers and mothers try to get their girls to be more ladylike, to repress their natural tendencies to show off steam. The natural result is that later in life they have accumulated so much mental back pressure that when they do blow up, the sky is the limit. So, the quieter the woman, the more we should be on guard for a terrible blow-up sooner or later.

Women are also made fierce at times by having a stronger inferiority complex than men. They will often go to ridiculous extremes just to show that they are better, or braver, or more important than men—and better than most women. In my book, "What Makes People Buy," I told about woman's "unconscious rivalry with other women which comes plainly to the surface in the hand-to-hand fighting which takes place when a crowd of bargain-seeking shoppers make a line plunge for the advertised special in a department store," and how "she quickly loses her temper at the saleslerk. Doorwallers have to treat her like a queen. Alleged indifference of salespersons caused 22 per cent of the loss of customers by 1,483 stores—nothing was wrong with the merchandise, the trouble lay in woman's too great sensitiveness."

The topic on which women are most sensitive is not being allowed to do many things men do. So when they once get a chance at these things, they quite naturally overdo it. Women workers, for instance, are difficult to organize to go on a strike, since they are not good co-operators, but once they do go on strike it is destined to be both violent and long drawn out. It would irritate their inferiority complexes to give up without getting even more than was reasonable. And when women are active in civil war, whether in the French revolutions or in the present Spanish war, it is an omen that it will take a long time to settle things and bring hostilities to an end.

The Fierce Female Grenadier, Alexandrine Barrau, Who Rallied the French Soldiers When Fighting the Austrians in the French Revolutionary Period. Painting by A. Le Dru.

Two Spanish Girls on Their Way to the Front to Fight Against the Fascist Troops. One Carries Gun and Bayonet, and the Other, Wearing a Trench Hat, Flourishes a Pistol.



A Rebel Victim of the Red Women's Cruelties on the Streets of Barcelona, His Face and Upper Part of His Body So Mutilated That the Less Calloused Men Soldiers Covered It.

The Roman Empress Messalina kept up a constant turmoil of intrigue and assassinations, being too jealous and too ambitious to run things to stop while the quitting was good. She was in large part responsible for the custom which developed in Rome for the wives of statesmen of high rank to fight as gladiators, stripped to the waist, in the public circus.

Women bull-fighters were becoming so numerous in Spain that as recently as 1932 the Governor of Valencia put a stop to this practice in his province. And while we do not have professional bull-fighters in this country, we may have possibilities, for a large Chicago meat packing company reports that among the several hundred visitors who go through its plants each year, twice as many women want to witness the actual killing of the animals.

Women, obviously, are more inured to the sight of gore than the average person ever realized. The horrors of war are not upsetting to them, and their unleashed savage emotions make them desperate fighters.

An old Roman soldier wrote down this description of a woman of the Gauls, against whom he was fighting: "Her neck swollen, brandishing her vast and snowy arms, and kicking with her heels at the same time, to deliver her fisticuffs, like bolts from the twisted strings of a catapult."

So fierce can women become under the emotions of war strife that even mother-love is distorted. Hungarian mothers, for example, used to bite their boys severely in the face, to disfigure them intentionally so their appearance would be more terrifying to the enemy.

And Plutarch recorded that the women of the Cimbri, "terrible in their passionate fury, could fight to the death, and then, unable to survive defeat, would slay each other with the sword, or even strangle themselves with their long hair, as they did at Aquae Sextiae and at Vercellae."

These women may have been fierce fighters, but not exactly good fighters, for Plutarch also records about them, that "armed with swords, howling and grinding their teeth with fury and grief, they would strike Cimbri and Romans alike."

Some women, however, have been excellent as well as furious fighters. Mlle. de Maupin, beautiful French actress who entered the Paris Opera in 1698, was extremely skilled with the sword. She would pick quarrels with men, and then challenge them to a duel. She went to a masquerade ball, for instance, dressed as a man and made insulting approaches to a woman guest. Three men protested and, thinking she was a man, accepted her challenges for duels. Mlle de Maupin killed all three. There are records of 80 duels she fought, and of ten in which she killed her opponent in cold blood.

Other skilled women fighters who made their mark in history are interesting. There was Hannah Snell, an English woman who was nicknamed the "girl soldier". She was born in Worcester, England, in 1723, and served in the regular army in its campaigns. This martial heroine was pensioned by her country. Another woman pensioned for her participation in battles enlisted as a young girl in the Fifth Regiment of foot soldiers. A bayonet wound in her arm at the battle of Fontenoy retired her from active fighting, but she was granted a pension of 10 shillings a week by the British Government, and she lived to be a hundred years old. And history records several women pirates in the days of the bloody buccaneers on the Spanish Main.

Another conspicuous woman fighter was the French Grenadier, Alexandrine Barrau, who rallied the French troops when fighting the Austrians in the French revolutionary period.

During the World War many women took active part in the trench fighting, some of them disguised as men. Most of these were not known to be women until they were killed and the strange discovery made. In France alone they have records of 389 such women trench fighters. One of these had been such a gallant fighter that she had been awarded the Croix de Guerre.

The pioneer women of our country were good fighters during the frontier days. They had to be in protecting their family and meagre possessions from an ambushed attack by Indians. For a pioneer's wife to level a gun at a redskin and coolly pull the trigger was taken for granted.

But as civilization has progressed many folk are taken aback when they read about women actively and even eagerly participating in the horror and bloodshed of civil war. It comes almost as a shock to realize that women still have it in their systems. Some who have had a stronger dose of it have, of course, become gun molls or entered upon a career of violent crime of their own choosing, such as Belle Starr who became a Western desperado after she left the Confederate army, or Virginia Slade, of about the same time.

Our present-day gun molls are no stranger and no different than these old tin-type forerunners of them.

Other women have betrayed the feminine interest in the cruelty and excitement of fighting by crowding the ringside seats at prize-fights. Although they do not participate in the fighting themselves they do reveal woman's inherent interest in combat.

So scientists are not the least bit astonished to read about the atrocities and cruelties of women in Spain's civil war.

But what they are puzzling to understand is why an aroused woman will kill either man or woman, while the man will rarely attack the woman.

All through the animal kingdom this is so, male dogs will fight each other, but will not fight a female. And so with mankind. Men fight men, and women and children are spared, but the aroused woman fights indiscriminately. Why, science is still pondering.

While the Spanish women warriors were shooting down other women and men, our own American Olympic women athletes were giving an amazing demonstration of the latent scrappiness hidden within the soft skin of womankind. The Spanish women were fighting with bare fists and smokeless powder, while the American Olympic women were scrapping with their jaws and tongues.

Eleanor Holm Jarrett, for instance, was disbarred from the swimming team for rash and continued breaking of training rules. She gave the officials who disbarred her a terrific tongue-lashing, a form of verbal fighting which she continued all across the Atlantic Ocean on her way home, and even after she landed.

But when Jesse Owens, the male track star who shattered many all-time records, was disbarred as an amateur later in the same Olympics, he took his medicine meekly and quietly.

Many husbands will agree that when it comes to fighting with tongues, women have men outclassed ten to one for scrappiness and never giving up the battle even after it is won.

It is in man's favor, however, that the fiercest fighter—the woman of the species—is lacking in man's strength and endurance. Women's muscles are around 20 per cent weaker than man's, and since her blood contains millions fewer red blood cells she gets tired more rapidly. If she were equally strong, and equally resistant to fatigue, modern man would most likely be relegated into a humble position in the background.

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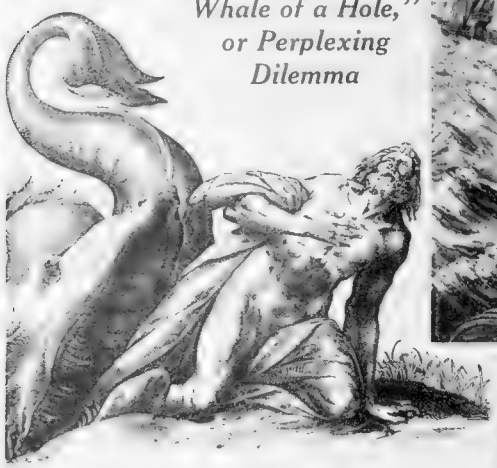
J J in the Whale Only T M ?

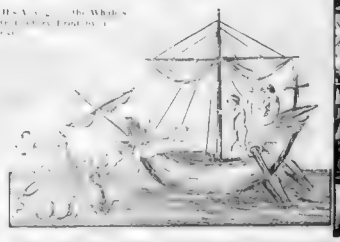
Dr. Lamsa, Distinguished Bible Scholar, Explains That the Original Story of the Prophet Simply Said He Was "In a Great Fish," Which Was Ancient Slang For "Being in a Whale of a Hole," or Perplexing Dilemma



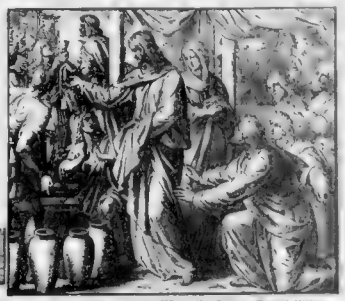
The Prophet Jonah Is Thrown Overboard

"So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea. Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah." —Jonah, Chapter I, Verses 15-17. (From a Fourteenth Century Painting.)

T[illegible] Jonah Was Thrown Into the Whale's [illegible]



Early Christians in the Catacombs at Rome, Showing Their Idea of What Jonah Was Thrown Into. Even at That Time What Kind of a Sea Monster It Was That Swallowed Jonah



The Marriage at Cana, Where the Saviour Turned Water Into Wine, but Which Dr. Lamsa Says Was Just Another Translator's Error

J

[illegible] losing their interest in the old stories that had come, as lessons for their forefathers. Something had to be done to [illegible] their attention and hold it. It was then that he made the story of Jonah even more graphic by adding legendary details that everyone would understand. During a storm at sea the cargo would certainly be cast overboard. Desperate with fear, [illegible] pray to [illegible] verse [illegible]

[illegible] were [illegible] every man [illegible] and forth [illegible] the sea to lighten [illegible] boat. [illegible] was [illegible] to the signs of the ship, and the sky, and was [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Jesus Walking on the Water, Still Another Bible Story Which Dr. Lamsa Believes to Have Its Foundation in Ignorance of the Original Aramaic in Which the Stories of the Disciples Were First Written

And they said every one to his fellow, Come, [illegible] that we may cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah.

Then said they unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us? for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous.

And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you.

Nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not; for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous against them.

Wherefore they cried unto the Lord, and said, We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us innocent blood: for thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleased thee.

So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea: and the sea ceased from her raging.

Then the men feared the Lord exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto the Lord, and made vows.

Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.

Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly,

And said, I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice.

For thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about: all thy billows and thy waves passed over me.

Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple.

The waters compassed me about, even to the soul: the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head.

I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me forever: yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God.

When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord: and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple.

They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy.

But I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord.

And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon dry land.

—Jonah, Chapter I, Verse 7 to Chapter II, Verse 10.

This account is the Aramaic Version. Dr. Lamsa has translated it directly from the Aramaic Peshitta, the Bible of the Eastern Church, which he says is the original Bible of Christ and the Apostles. He says that the Aramaic word for fish, *hoota*, is also the word for whale, and that the word for whale is also the word for fish. Dr. Lamsa says that even though the story was considered to be a parable, it was nevertheless recognized as the account of what had happened to the prophets who were dead.

There are apparently no quotations in the second chapter which refer to Jonah's distress his prayer and his deliverance in words that are [illegible] quite similar to the phrases he has used. The tenth verse, which ends the second chapter, says

And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited Jonah upon the dry land.

This according to Dr. Lamsa has no other meaning than that God accepted Jonah's prayer, [illegible] his fear and [illegible]

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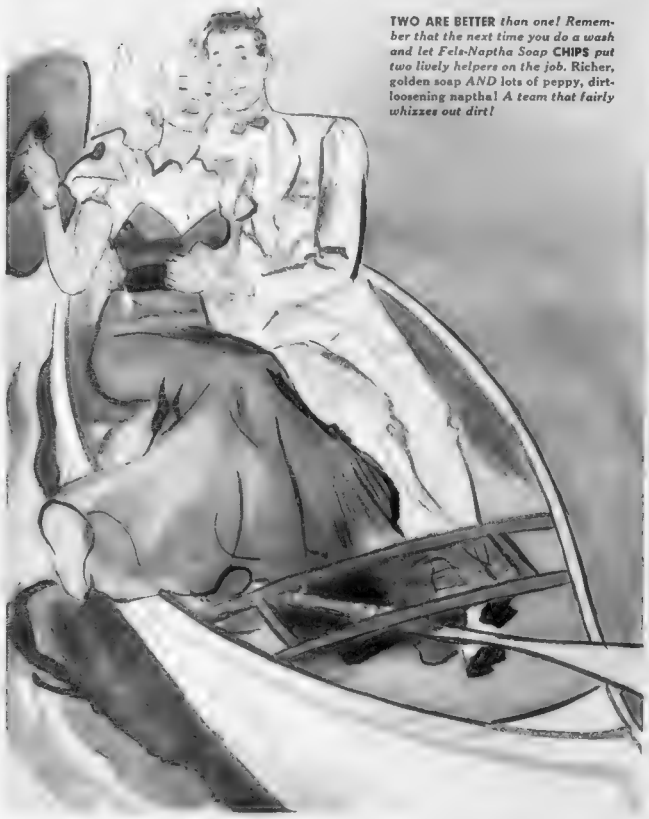
More Bouquets ...by Gilbert Bendy



TWO ARE BETTER *than one! Remember that the next time you do a wash and let Fels-Naptha Soap* **CHIPS** *put two lively helpers on the job.* **Richer, golden soap** *AND* **lots of peppy, dirt-loosening naptha!** *A team that fairly whizzes out dirt!*

A CROWN FOR YOU, *old pal!* *"Fels-Naptha Soap* **CHIPS** *get my wash done in record time" . . . "They get my clothes so gorgeously white" . . . "There's no sneezy dust to make me cough and sneeze." See why women write comments like these—try Fels-Naptha Soap* **CHIPS** *yourself!*

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Never have you seen anything like these new chips. They're CURLS. Crinkly, golden curls that dissolve completely. You get oceans of suds in a jiffy. And none of that bothersome dust to hurt your nose.

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Told In Confidence

by John Anson

A Couple of Smart Crooks Are Outsmarted by a Young Man of No Consequence. Complete in This Issue.

The Detective and His Colleague Confronted the Little Group by the Table With Drawn Automatics.

He Looked Very Old and He Suddenly Looked a Very Tired Old Man. His Voice Quavered. "All gone. I'm just an old fool."

(Continued on Page 74)

Confessions of a Woman Spy

Lydia Oswald in Switzerland After Her Escape from a Trial, Prison, and Deportation Across the Frontier

CHAPTER II

BY LYDIA OSWALD

The Story of How She Was Recruited Through Her Social Activities as a Soldier's Daughter Into the Service of the Secret Bureau

and Summary

The Frowning Ramparts of the Old Fort At Brest Overlooking the Fleet in the Harbor.

Officers Entertaining Their Girl Friends on Board One of the French War Vessels. Mlle. Oswald Succeeded in Having Herself Invited to Inspect the Ship.

"Hardly had the Lieutenant's footsteps died away before I was on my knees before the steel box, manipulating the skeleton keys which were part of my stock-in-trade.

"In a few seconds the box was open, and before long the contents of the portfolio were spread out before me; blue-prints of gun emplacements, wax tracings of anti-aircraft guns and the exact specifications of a new wireless-controlled torpedo which was then being experimented with by the naval authorities at Brest in an atmosphere of the utmost secrecy. Sheer good fortune had placed in my hands just what I sought. Jean's luck and the confidence and trust of my Count Ivance, who looked upon me more as a guard to his papers than a mistress.

H

intr[illegible] to me. He had not the slightest idea that I was a spy, of course. I was presented simply as a promising young naval officer, Comte de Forceville. For a few moments we stood [illegible] excused himself to dance with the wife of an admiral. As he led his partner to the [illegible] of the officers standing near me asked me what I thought of him. I made some non-committal reply to which he answered: "You wouldn't think a man of his rank would be an opium smoker, would you?" I was indeed astonished, but it proved to be true, because at a "smoking party" to which I was invited a few days later, [illegible] officer was also present and renewed his acquaintance with me.

[illegible] intrigued me to talk with him [illegible] swords with him, for as an intelligent [illegible] was indeed worthy of my mettle. [illegible] I could secure any really [illegible] him, his opium pipe [illegible] m, and he sunk into that parasomnolent [illegible] addicts have informed [illegible] possible for a mortal [illegible] much, so much was the fact [illegible] their nightly orgies the officers [illegible] excellent at their duties, and although their opium smoking must have somewhat [illegible] constitutions they very seldom [illegible]

Several weeks had now passed, and although I had made important contacts and gleaned a little valuable information, I had not yet secured the more important facts to get which I had been sent to Brest. I was as yet undecided [illegible] importance of my two admirers, Jean de Forceville and Rene Guignard. Both knew, I knew, secure for me the exact specifications of the new guns assembled recently on the [illegible] ing on the harbor, and in particular [illegible] the latest type of torpedo-tube, the [illegible] w. I knew the French Government had [illegible] a large figure in gold only a few months previous.

Unfortunately, I had met one of those crises which [illegible] weakness of women for espionage work. I was beginning to hate my task, and I was finding myself back at Geneva and not masquerading under false pretenses and victimizing my [illegible]. Both Jean and Rene had begun to [illegible] me. Jean's passionate devotion had [illegible] in my heart, and although I was by no means in love with him, his loyalty and [illegible] were going to make it very hard for me to betray him. On the other hand, I was a spy—for spies are not supposed to have feelings. Or if they have, then they must suppress them.

It was patently clear to me that if I secured [illegible] information from Jean and it should leak out, not only would his career be finished, but he would [illegible] a good chance of being arrested for betraying his country, and would have to spend the rest of his [illegible] Penal [illegible] Fortress [illegible] as Devil's Island. I did not [illegible] to [illegible] where I could do my duty as a spy and also avail myself to advantage of my fame.

I persuaded Rene Guignard to secure permission to take me over the two cruisers "Emile Bertin" and "La Galissonniere" as a visitor, in the hope that I might have an opportunity of securing the secrets I sought. Since I was so popular with the fleet there was no difficulty in securing the necessary passes, and, proudly accompanied by the young ensign, I was shown over every nook and cranny of the two "mystery" cruisers, the secrets of which were so closely guarded. I had expected my inspection to be abortive, and it was. From past experience at other naval ports I had learnt the difficulty of securing anything of tangible value by just casual inspection.

In my early training as a spy I had been taught that only from officers could I obtain the real facts about armaments and fortifications. A spy [illegible] than the ordinary person while walking round a warship. Of its conscious [illegible] guns and torpedo-tubes, but inspection does not reveal their difficult [illegible] ments anywhere. Although interesting [illegible] to the two cruisers won for me nothing more than many cocktails with admiring officers in the ward room, and a more or less pleasant [illegible] evening.

Jean de Forceville I had determined must be protected at all costs. I resolved, therefore, on Ensign Rene Guignard. I wondered whether it would be possible to extract the information I required from him. Now [illegible] modus operandi of a clever spy is to [illegible] something about the past of the officers with whom she mixes. Sometimes a hidden scandal or irregularity in the life of an officer, especially if it would jeopardize [illegible] weapon in the hands of an espionage agent.

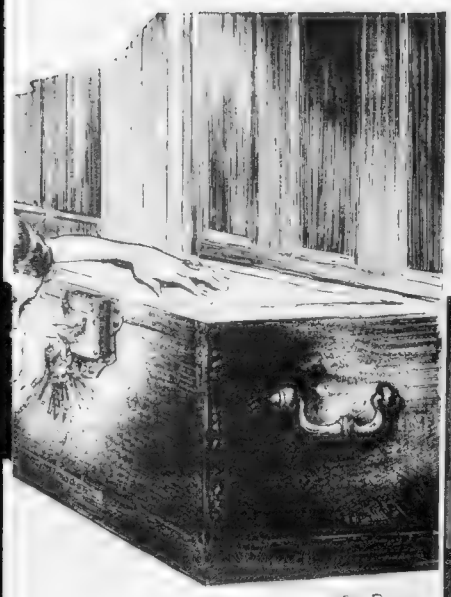
Subtly and discreetly I [illegible] been "checking up" on the private lives and naval careers of my two companions. I had not sought my information openly, of course, but by judicious questioning at the proper time, usually when they had looked long and lovingly on the wine when it was red, I had learnt one or two things of interest about both of them.

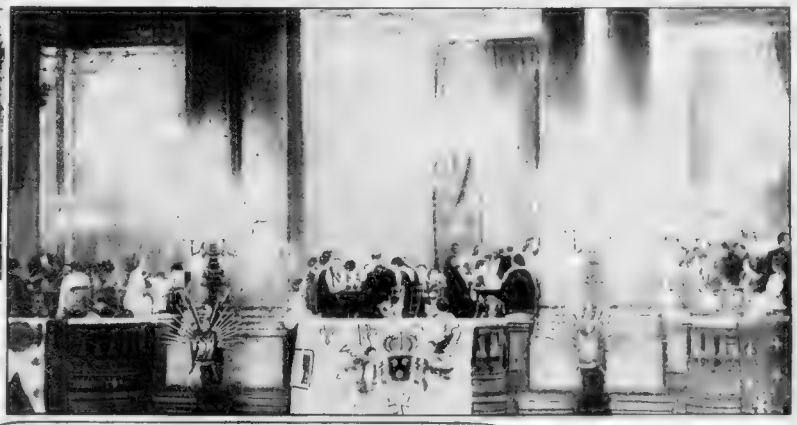
It was customary for me to dine with one of them when the other happened to be on duty, and it was over these tete-a-tete suppers that I learned that I was not the first girl spy to *enter* the lives of Jean and Rene. This was indeed illuminating.

It appeared that before being posted to Brest the two friends had served three years at the Naval station at Toulon. Here Rene Guignard had met a very charming German girl who I heard assumed the status of becoming his girl friend. Now, as I have already hinted, Rene was a boulevardier who although carnage in his [illegible] for women, liked, wasp-like, to travel from flower to

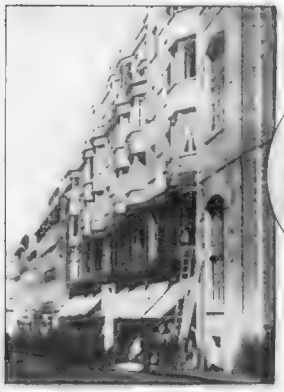
[illegible] than Jean and [illegible] man. She had [illegible] Deuxieme Bureau, [illegible] Secret Service), and was [illegible] There was very good ground [illegible] but there was [illegible] was out of the question. [illegible] Counter-Espionage Service [illegible] and much prefers to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Lydia Oswald, International Spy, Who Beguiled Army and Navy Officers to Secure Armament Secrets and Sold Them to Enemy Nations Reveals How Espionage Agents Work and Explains How She Herself Was Trapped and Imprisoned in France





Photograph Taken At the Marine Ball At Brest Which Mlle. Oswald, the Spy, Attended and Where She Attempted to Make an Agreement With a Young Naval Officer to Sell Her Some Secrets



The House in the Rue d'Aiguillon, Brest, Where the Spy Stole Lieutenant Forceville's Documents and Forwarded Them to the Master Spies in Germany

The New French Battle Cruiser La Galissonniere Which Mlle. Oswald Examined Under the Guidance of Her Unsuspecting French Navy Friends.

[illegible] night and my escort was [illegible] the hotel now. I [illegible] reminded him of [illegible] I was supposed to be [illegible] back Paris side. But [illegible] quite got to the [illegible] point. I put back [illegible] arm again and laughed when he [illegible] we should run away together at [illegible] tower.

"Would you run away?" The Lieutenant had [illegible] emphasis. The Count [illegible] that he had was wealthy and [illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible] "Would you run away?"

I [illegible] something [illegible] dear [illegible] days I might [illegible] as [illegible]

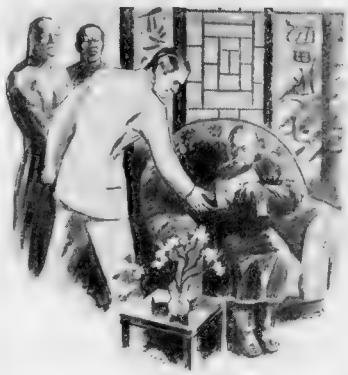
"[illegible] do?"

[illegible] can get for me [illegible] I [illegible] and [illegible] as if nothing [illegible] Lap- [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Mr. Kim Fee Makes a Proposal

by Ray Carr

A Short Story Complete on This Page



"Give me that document!" He Demanded, Jumping to His Feet

Straight, three-lane stretches of road often prove to be modern deathtraps

They tempt drivers to pass. A car ahead of it is going fast, but when someone coming from the opposite direction decides to overtake a car in front of him on the road. Seeing each other, both drivers swing to get back into line, but high speed closes the gap too suddenly and the ensuing accidents result. Almost all cases involving another car and this blameless one point

This is the direct cause of a great many deaths and injuries each year, and is responsible for about one fifth of the total number of accidents on the road. Seeing this danger to motorists, the fact is that out of more than 36,000 automobile fatalities during 1935, two thirds occurred on rural sections

SEND FOR FREE COPY OF DRIVING, WHICH TELLS

For Better Driving

PUBLIC SERVICE COMMITTEES

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board

LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

One of Nature's mysterious processes improves this flour scientifically

It's Better To Bake With Pillsbury's Best— And With The Baked Foods Are Easy To Digest

When the tiny wheat kernel prepares to feed a baby wheat plant, it releases valuable enzymes, which have important effects on the digestibility and baking qualities of Pillsbury's Best Flour.

One of Nature's marvels—her ways of providing for young

Just as Nature, in her mysterious way, produces [illegible]

This modern scientific miller blends wheat for better baking

[illegible]

"A girl's best friend is her food!"

[illegible]

[illegible] a family [illegible] food rich with food energy, easy to digest."

[illegible]

Wise economy means buying [illegible]

New recipes always packed in Pillsbury's Best bag . . .

[illegible] Meringue Torte, shown above, only one of the [illegible] packed in Pillsbury's Best bag. [illegible] They're all [illegible] Pillsbury's Best Flour. [illegible] you may be sure of Pillsbury's Best Flour.

Has seen it since he was a baby . . .

F[illegible] of American women, rich and poor, in good [illegible] Pillsbury's Best Flour because they get better baking [illegible] Pillsbury's Best, the "every-baker-tested" [illegible] digestible form. You can get Pillsbury's Best [illegible]

SEND FOR NEW BOOKLET — TO HELP YOU PLAN SUCCESSFUL AND INEXPENSIVE PARTIES!

Mary Ellis Ames' new 48-page booklet "21 Successful Little Dinners" — complete details of original, inexpensive table settings, menus, entertainment sug- [illegible] Send [illegible] to Mary Ellis Ames, Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis

Foods made with PILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR are easy to digest . . .

THRILLING NEW LIPSTICK DISCOVERY!

To the world's most permanent transparent paste has been added an amazing new ingredient that gives lips more exciting appeal than they have ever had before!

Why Some Lipsticks Make Lips Unattractive

ORDINARY INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

THE NEW TATTOO

How the New TATTOO Corrects All This

Send Coupon for Trial Lipstick

The New TATTOO

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrapbook containing the historical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

Mystery Woman

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

P

Mrs. Flying Bird Watched the Car. Three People Got Out. One Was Ornie. He Was Helped by the Other Two

CHAPTER XIII

Complicated Reactions

[illegible] a family mocking [illegible] Lamar the unsuspecting [illegible] and a slim, [illegible] who was not [illegible] until Felicia [illegible] and then She was the sort of person content to [illegible] without [illegible] definitely [illegible] pathetic what [illegible] The typical complication.

The room was full of flowers and tea was a mere prelude and these active sandwiches and [illegible] with a [illegible] woman [illegible] over his shoulder [illegible] different better [illegible]

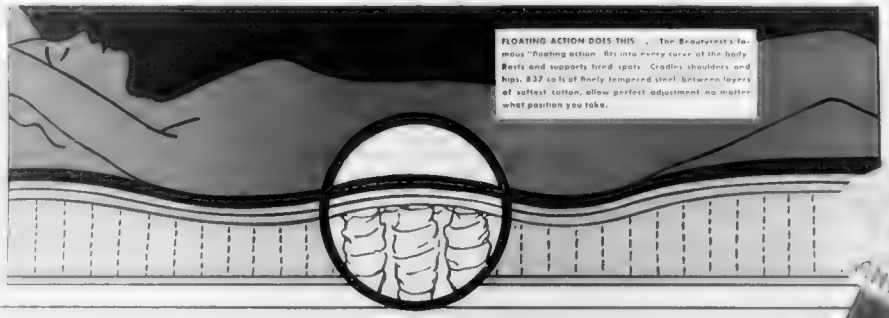
"Felicia asked me not to tempt her," she murmured with a [illegible] [illegible] slimness of her figure.

[illegible] was amused by this statement for the professional beauty Felicia had always had her own motive would even [illegible] when it meant [illegible] herself. But he was [illegible] by Monica's submission.

There was nothing of the spoiled heiress about her though [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Why Bother With Sleeping Aids?

What you really need is the right kind of Mattress



SIMMONS 65TH ANNIVERSARY

T[illegible] TOSS AND [illegible] happens [illegible]

[illegible] Hot drink [illegible]

[illegible] the point [illegible] to get to

[illegible] Named

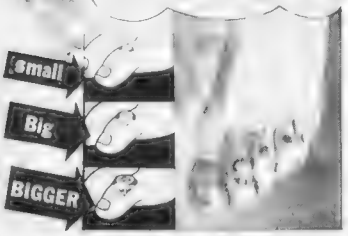
Thousands "fight" their mattresses

[illegible] By fault for natural [illegible] time action," [illegible] [illegible] wear, [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] *without* waking [illegible] the [illegible] "[illegible] [illegible] *actual* [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CHAPTER XIV.
Too Close to Home

(Continued on Page 21)

HERE'S WHY CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER unless removed Root and All



NEW "ROOT AND ALL" METHOD ENDS CORN FOR GOOD

A

BLUE-JAY
CORN PLASTERS

QUICK RELIEF WITH BEN-GAY
NO MORE SUFFERING BACK PAINS

COLDS
RHEUMATIC PAINS
BACKACHE
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
STIFF, SORE MUSCLES

RUB AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY"

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Betty "Styles Up" Her Old Shoes
AND SAVES MONEY
BLACK SUEDE IS ALL THE RAGE, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH ALL MY OTHER SUEDE SHOES?
THERE'S A MARVELOUS SUEDE DYE CALLED SHINOLA IT DYES A RICH DEEP BLACK
WHAT IS THE BEST SUEDE DYE?
SHINOLA CERTAINLY DOES WONDERS FOR OLD SHOES.. AND IT WON'T RUB OFF!
WELL, BETTY, I SEE YOU BOUGHT A NEW PAIR OF BLACK SUEDE SHOES ANYWAY
SHINOLA
BLACK SUEDE DYE
TWO SIZES 10¢-25¢
TO DYE SUEDE, BUCK AND OTHER NAPPY SURFACED SHOES
TO DYE ALL SMOOTH SURFACED SHOES
SHINOLA MAKES A POLISH, DYE AND SUEDE DRESSING FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

Shaving Oddities

JAILED FOR NOT SHAVING!

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!

GEM BLADE

GEM MICROMATIC Blades

Is Love the Answer?
Tendrill Sees Ahead Mormon Heir Her Husband
His Blushing Bride Tells All
Do You Believe?

(Continued on Page 23)

DON'T GUESS
ASK YOUR DENTIST

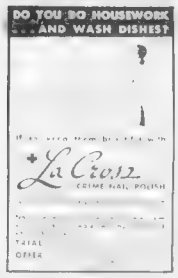
We believe he will agree to every one of these statements

ORALGENE

1.
2.
3. It helps

USE

WHY IN THUNDER CAN'T I SLEEP?
MEANWHILE -- IN THE APARTMENT BELOW
THUMP!
THUMP!
SAY, LAURA -- IT'S AFTER 2 -- AND THERE'S THAT NO SE UPSTAIRS AGAIN!
IT'S OUR NEW NEIGHBOR. I HEARD HIS WIFE TELLING SOMEONE HE WAS TERRIBLY NERVOUS -- HAVING A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.
OVALTINE
NEXT DAY
OVALTINE TO
YOU MEAN THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK? DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP?
IT'S SIMPLY MARVELOUS! AND IT HASN'T ANY DRUGS IN IT EITHER -- THAT'S WHY OUR DOCTOR SAYS HE LIKES TO RECOMMEND IT.
THAT NIGHT -- THE NEW NEIGHBOR'S WIFE MRS. DAVIS ADVICE
SO THIS IS OVALTINE! WELL, IT TASTES GOOD ANYWAY!
YES, AND MRS. ... FROM DOWNSTAIRS SAID IT SIMPLY WORKS WONDERS FOR HER HUSBAND IN KEEPING HIM FROM BEING AWAKE NIGHTS!
SOME TIME LATER
NEXT MORNING
ONE
SLEEP!
I FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT
OVALTINE!
I BELIEVE IN PASSING A GOOD THING ALONG... IF YOU CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS, JUST SEND THIS IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT OVALTINE IS AND DOES!
OVALTINE is a delicious concentrate
MAIL FOR 2-NIGHT TEST
OVALTINE



ROUSE YOUR UNDER SKIN

See BLACKHEADS Clear PORES look Finer

Every night,

Every morning

Spell of Ugliness

A Short Story Complete in This Issue.

By Douglas Newton

"Beauty and the Beast," Said Harnac. "She sacrificed everything for him. The spell of ugliness . . ."

(Continued on Page 21)

Nujol

FOR INTERNAL CLEANLINESS

SEEING HER THROUGH

NOW
AND THAT NIGHT—THE MOON MEANT ROMANCE AND REVELRY INSTEAD OF THE OLD SUFFERING. ONE MORE WOMAN WHO WISHED THAT SHE'D TAKEN THE CARE OF THAT KIND OF PAIN!

CHAPTER XV
An Unexpected Caller

T

NO MORE POLISH THAT THICKENS!

Just look at this bottle of nail polish! Only half used, and all thick and gummy

Here, Kay, use my GLAZO Russet. Divine color—and it never thickens in the bottle

4 minutes later

You angel, my nails never looked so lovely! Me for GLAZO!

Wise girl. You'll love GLAZO's colors, and every drop in the bottle is good for long, swell manicures. GLAZO won't chip or peel, either!

GLAZO

Confessions of a Woman Spy

SKIN CHAPS ALL OVER

It's quicker-acting softeners

"GOOD-BYE, SANDPAPER HANDS!"

Chapped?

MAKE SKIN SMOOTH SOONER WITH QUICKER-ACTING LOTION

PEOPLE THINK I HAVE A MAID

FREE The first One-Piece DISPENSER IN THE STORES NOW!

HINDS IS QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

Told In Confidence

A Couple of Smart Crooks Are Outsmarted by a Young Man of No Consequence. Complete in This Issue.

By John Anson

Prepare now
for colder weather
with
PENNZOIL
FAST FLOWING MOTOR OIL
Quick Starting
Instant Lubrication

YOU CAN ACTUALLY FORGET THAT
CERTAIN DAYS OF THE MONTH
ARE DIFFERENT FROM OTHERS

TAMPAX

SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY
Provides a Comfort . . . a Freedom . . .
You Have Never Known Before

A new way [illegible] Tampax [illegible] You [illegible] A month's supply comes in a purse-size package. [illegible] instructions for use are in every package. Package of [illegible]

These Tampax Advantages Are Exclusive

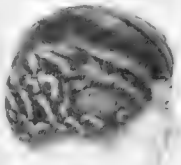
Each Tampax comes in a sealed wrapper, complete with [illegible]

IF YOUR LOCAL STORE HAS NOT YET STOCKED TAMPAX

FOR PHYSICIANS:

You have probably read about Tampax in the medical journals or are completely familiar with it through some other source. If, however, you would like to know more about Tampax we will gladly send you literature as described in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Address: Tampax Incorporated, New Brunswick, N. J.

A CRIME to let GRAY HAIR ROB your pretty hair of youth and charm



"FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR"

[illegible]

CORNS

Pain Relieved in ONE MINUTE!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

How old R you?

How old do you look?

All Auto Drivers
[illegible]
"The Royal Road to Motoring Safety"
[illegible]
Handle your car with Confidence.
For copy of this New and Valuable Book, mail penny Address with Coupon Today
NATL. AUTOMOBILE CLINIC
MANSFIELD, OHIO

ARE YOU
HAIR MINDED?
[illegible]
FREE!
[illegible]

FRANTIC with ITCH
of SUMMER RASH
ATHLETE'S FOOT
POISON IVY
INSECT BITES
ECZEMA
AND OTHER SKIN IRRITATIONS

Real Relief with CUTICURA

Spell of Ugliness

(Continued from Page [illegible])

ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING BY THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Told In Confidence

A Couple of Smart Crooks Are Outsmarted by a Young Man of No Consequence. Complete in This Issue.

By John Anson

Prepare now
for colder weather
with
PENNZOIL
FAST FLOWING MOTOR OIL
Quick Starting
Instant Lubrication

YOU CAN ACTUALLY FORGET THAT
CERTAIN DAYS OF THE MONTH
ARE DIFFERENT FROM OTHERS

TAMPAX
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY
Provides a Comfort . . . a Freedom . . .
You Have Never Known Before

A new ... that is entirely different ... more ... Your ... has never known ... It was born in the ... of the American Medical Association ... Tampax ... Tampax is ... Made of surgical cotton ... Tampax is ... and perfect ... Tampax ... It cannot become dislodged, even during the most strenuous sports, yet it can be removed in a moment's time.

... A month's supply comes in a purse-size package. You can buy Tampax ... at drug stores everywhere. Complete instructions for use are in every package. Package of ten, 35¢

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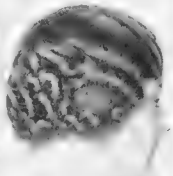
Spell of Ugliness

Continued on Page ...

A CRIME to let GRAY HAIR ROB your pretty face of youth and charm



"FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR"

CORNS
LIFT OUT Easily, Safely!

Pain Relieved in ONE MINUTE!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

How old R you?

How old do you look?

All Auto Drivers
... "The Royal Road to Motoring Safety" ...
NATL. AUTOMOBILE CLINIC

ARE YOU HAIR MINDED?
... FREE!

FRANTIC with ITCH
of SUMMER RASH, ATHLETE'S FOOT, POISON IVY, INSECT BITES, ECZEMA AND OTHER SKIN IRRITATIONS

Real Relief with CUTICURA

Famous Dishes from Foreign Lands

Curry of Lamb (Benares): 2 pounds lean lamb cut in inch cubes; 2 teaspoons curry powder, 2 teaspoons salt, 6 tablespoons butter, 3 medium onions chopped fine, ½ clove garlic, 4 tablespoons flour, 4 cups stock or gravy, 4 tablespoons moist shredded cocoanut, juice 1 lemon, 4 cups rice, steamed. Season meat with curry and salt. Melt butter in skillet, add meat, chopped onions and garlic. Cook slowly until nearly dry. Add flour, stir in stock and continue simmering until meat is tender. Add cocoanut and lemon juice. Arrange steamed rice in border around large platter and heap meat and gravy in center. Serves 6.

Spaghetti with Chicken Livers (Naples): 1 pound spaghetti or flat linguini paste; 1 large can tomatoes, 1 can tomato soup, 1 small can Italian tomato paste, 4 onions minced, 1 garlic minced, pinch thyme, salt, pepper, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 pound chicken livers chopped, ½ pound mushrooms chopped. Make sauce by blending all tomatoes with minced onions, garlic and seasonings. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Add chopped livers and chopped mushrooms and cook 30 minutes longer or until sauce is thick and well seasoned to a catsup-like consistency. Have the spaghetti or linguini boiled in salted water, drained and rinsed in cold water to remove excess flour. Heat on large platter and pour over sauce. Pass finely grated Parmesan cheese separately. Serves 6.

Beef or Pork Chop Suey (Canton): 1½ pounds lean pork or beef cut into thin narrow strips; 2 cups thinly sliced onions, 2 cups thinly sliced celery, ½ can bamboo shoots, 1-pound can bean sprouts, 3 tablespoons soy sauce, 3 tablespoon salt. Hot boiled rice. Fry meat in hot lard to which the salt has been added. Turn until meat is a good brown all over. Lay in sliced vegetables and cover with a lid, adding the soy sauce and possibly a little additional water. Steam 20 minutes longer. To thicken, dust with a tablespoon of flour. Serve with hot boiled rice in separate bowl. Serves 4. If obtainable, 1 dozen water chestnuts, thinly sliced, may be added to the vegetables.

Chicken and Pork Chop Suey (Gai Yuk Chee Yuk): ½ pound breast of chicken, ½ pound lean pork, 3 tablespoons lard; ½ pound mushrooms, 1 small bunch celery, ½ can bamboo shoots, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, salt, cayenne pepper. Cut meats into thin slivers. Heat lard in skillet and lay in meats, turning to brown well. Have ready the vegetables (the mushrooms and celery both thinly sliced) and add to the meat together with the bamboo shoots, and cook together 10 minutes longer. Add soy sauce, salt, and cayenne and cook 5 minutes. Serve with hot boiled rice, separate. Serves 4.

Minestra Soup (Milan): 1 carrot diced, 1 small turnip, diced, 1 onion, 2 leeks and 2 branches celery, chopped fine, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 quarts water, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon white pepper, pinch powdered saffron, 2 pound shin beef bone or bones from 1 fowl; ½ cup tubular section spaghetti, 1 potato diced, 1 large tomato, diced, 1 tablespoon minced parsley. Mix the diced carrot, turnip, onion, leeks and celery, and brown in melted butter for 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add to the cold water and bones and simmer 1 hour or longer. Remove bones and skim soup. Add spaghetti, diced potato and diced tomato and simmer 10 minutes longer. Add diced parsley and serve. ½ cup of cooked white beans may be added to this soup. Serve in a tureen or large bowl and pass grated Parmesan cheese separately.

Chili Con Carne (American style): 1 pound ground Hamburger beef, 2 onions minced fine, 1 green pepper, minced, 1 can kidney beans, 1 can tomato soup, ½ can water, salt, pepper and chili powder to taste. Mix all ingredients in skillet or casserole, cover, and simmer 1 hour. Serve with hot boiled rice, separate. Serves 4.

Chinese Almond Cakes: 2 cups rice flour, ¼ cup almond oil, ½ cup finely chopped almonds, 1½ cups powdered sugar, 2 eggs. Mix thoroughly together the rice flour, powdered sugar and almonds, with the almond oil. Moisten with well beaten eggs, but use no water. If paste is too stiff, use more egg. Roll out about ¼ inch thick, and cut in rounds or other fancy cookie shapes. Press a half or whole almond in center of each cake. Bake in a moderate oven or at about 325 deg., 40 minutes. Remove carefully. Store in tin box.

Chinese Spiced Spareribs: 3 pounds spareribs, cracked into 2½ inch lengths; 2 tablespoons lard; 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 can tomato juice, juice of large can pineapple and its fruit cut into small pieces; 1 small green pepper, minced; 1 pimiento cut into strips, 3 tablespoons flour; hot boiled rice. Have butcher crack ribs into pieces 2½ inches long, and so divide that there are 2 bones' width to each piece. Heat skillet, lay in lard and brown meat in it, turning to brown well. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, add tomato and pineapple juice and the pineapple pieces, with the minced pepper. Cover skillet and simmer, low fire, 1 hour or longer until meat is very tender. Sprinkle with flour to thicken. Add pimiento cut into thin strips. Serve with hot boiled rice, separate.

Look 10 Years Younger This Easy Way!

Edna Wallace Hopper... Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl... Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations

I am past sixty, says Edna Wallace Hopper, yet boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been hooked from one theatre to the other as "The one woman in the world who never grew old". People can't believe I'm over thirty. At a grandmother's age, I still enjoy all the thrills of youth.

Now let me tell you how I do it. Follow it and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to, call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes.

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be *artificially re-supplied* to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25, most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is smear it on your face like a cold cream. *But, don't rub it off.* Let it stay on. Then watch! Your skin will absorb every bit of it—*literally drink in the youth oils it contains.* It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. Lines and hollow places soon go. You look years younger after the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. At over 60—I am *living proof.*

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

Mastery Woman

by Evelyn Murray Campbell

(Continued from Page 23)

come in here?" he asked guilelessly.

The woman sniffed. "You get sick of looking at them," she said grimly. "Platinum blonds ... why can't a woman be content with what Nature gives her, I say. Now and then you do see a pretty one," she added grudgingly.

"You bet you do," Roland's stare was hypnotic.

The woman went on as if words were dragged from her lips by some power she did not know.

"The other night a pretty one came in here. If it hadn't been in this part of town I'd have thought—but it couldn't be, of course. She wanted to use my phone. Goodness, she was pretty. I just stood looking at her."

"And listening," Roland said with bear-like playfulness. "I'll bet you smelled romance and listened to every word."

It was tactless and he knew it but it had to be done. The woman was displeased and began to put up her wares, pursing her thin lips.

"It wouldn't have done me any good if I had." She tossed her own gray, unpretty head. "She spoke like lightning. And French, too. I couldn't understand a word of it."

Tredwell nearly laughed outright at the dumb confusion of his companion. Roland had been so sure. But the detective was used to disappointment alone. He swallowed the blow and bought two berets at random and then it was Tredwell's turn.

While she was wrapping the purchase the woman began again with renewed amiability.

"I had a pretty pale gray one—nearly white—but a lady took it the other night. It was funny. I got a dollar for it and it was just the same as these—out of the same lot."

"Uh-huh," Roland growled. "But your prices are marked plain." He made a shrewd face. "You get twenty cents for these just the same." He dropped the money on the counter.

"Oh, I don't mean that." She was offended again and picked up the coins as though they burnt her fingers. "I only said it was funny. Lotsa things happen funny in this world. My daughter often says I shut myself away from the world and I tell her that the world comes to me even if I do keep a five and ten."

Roland had his parcel and there was no excuse for remaining but he was an adept at making delays. He began to go over some neckties that only a blind man would have chosen and the woman became alert and placative.

"That's a lovely blue one."

"I never liked blue. Got anything in gray?"

"I don't handle them dull colors much. My trade—but this lady I was telling about. She took the gray one right off. It's funny how those things happen and how people buy things ... lotsa times without hardly looking and others so hard to please. Now she just ran in here while I was in the back of the store and without so much as a by your leave she grabs one of these caps and runs out again. I hollered 'stop thief' as loud as I could and ran after her but she was gone like a flash around the corner. I come back intending to call a cop and then I felt like a fool for there was a dollar bill on the counter. She could have had ten caps for that but I don't suppose she wanted but one. Wasn't that a funny thing to do?" She didn't even try it on.

"I'll say it was funny," Roland said.

"I don't suppose it meant anything, though. Just somebody who didn't want to spoil a good hat in the rain."

"Oh, it was raining?"

"You know the night. It rained like everything."

"Yeah, I know all right."

They were around the corner where Tredwell's car was parked before the detective made any comment.

"And of course she couldn't say what this party looked like—young or old, light or dark. It was touch an' go. Grab a bonnet and get. Lights turned off in front of the store and pouring rain. No passerby. If it had been planned it couldn't of been better."

He was an embittered man but Tredwell drove off with a feeling of thankfulness. They crossed a traffic signal and Roland said, "Which dame you int'rested in, Tredwell?"

Tredwell denied interest. "My brain won't receive so many female impressions at once—"

(Continued on Page 27)

Other Suns with Other Worlds

(Continued from Front Page)

on the earth with its blinding heat and frequent storms, a tiny sun would carry with it an ample, calm, sombre and cold atmosphere.

This would become a ghastly-looking world if the great star Sirius should adopt it and love would have to be blind, indeed. If we received our light from Sirius all our colors would be changed.

On this subject a curious experiment has been tried. A light similar to that of Sirius would be rich in violet and ultra-violet rays. It is possible to reproduce by electricity a reasonable facsimile of this light, which has been thrown on the face and hair of a highly-rouged woman. Spectators say the woman's cheeks and lips become an unhealthy-looking greenish-yellow, the complexion took on a swarthy hue, and the hair and eyebrows became strangely blue.

To these bizarre changes one must add the unforeseen consequences which such light would have on other forms of life. Would the blue light halt the growth of plants or make it more flourishing or destroy the plants completely? No one can say, but it can be stated without fear of error that to grow and live under such a regime we would have to adopt a manner of life entirely unknown to us now.

With such a vast number and variety of stars it seems highly probable that if one could visit around in any of them for a few thousand years it would be possible to find a world almost the exact twin of the earth, spinning around the same-sized sun under almost identical conditions.

The probability is that it would be full of life, perhaps more advanced forms than a human being, yet the creatures might in no way resemble humanity except by having more intelligence than the lower animals. Luck might have caused evolution to take an utterly different line in the case of the dominating creature on this other world, as will be further discussed in the next chapter.

(To Be Concluded Next Week)

FREE! $24,600 worth of Wonderful GIFTS

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Latest Model 4-Door De Luxe Sedans

Send in as many names as you wish. But be sure each name is accompanied by two Quaker or Mother's Oats trade-marks

4,168 GIFTS IN 2 EQUAL LOTS—half on October 30, 1936; half on December 15, 1936

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4,168 GIFTS, TOTALLING $24,680.50 in two equal awards. Half on October 30; half on December 15, 1936. See Rules for details.

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Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

MAIL ENTRY BEFORE OCT. 30, 1936

Today, more than ever, the Dionne Quins in their third year are a glorious tribute to the finest methods of child-raising! Today, as every day, the Dionne Quins had Quaker Oats! We make this sensational offer of $24,600.00 worth of FREE GIFTS to bring this vital fact to the attention of every mother and father!

● Millions are turning to a daily breakfast of delicious Quaker Oats, year 'round. Its precious 3-purpose Vitamin B does everyone such a world of good! . . . For none of us can be happy, feel fit, keen on our toes, if we constantly strain against NERVOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, POOR APPETITE!

Fortify yourself against these three dread symptoms, doctors say, with a daily supply of Vitamin B, the vitamin that braces up your nerves, your digestion, your appetite.*

And so abundantly is Vitamin B stored by Nature in Quaker Oats, that millions find this an ideal breakfast for good condition.

What more glowing proof could you ask than the Dionne Quins? Once their feeble spark of life was all but out. Today, rollicking, robust, brimful of vitality, they are a glorious testimonial to right feeding and care.

To bring this vital truth home to you, we make this sensational offer of $24,600.00 in FREE GIFTS, just for naming the above picture of the Dionne Quins and Dr. Dafoe.

Write the title you pick—any one at all—on the coupon or in a letter, and mail it with trademarks from two packages of Quaker Oats or Mother's Oats. . . . You may win a gorgeous prize from the $24,600.00 array. But more important to your physical welfare, you will learn for yourself how the precious Vitamin B in Quaker Oats helps brace up your nerves, your digestion, your appetite.*

Remember, just a simple name will win one of the $24,600.00 worth of FREE GIFTS! There's no letter, no essay to write. Here are some suggestions. The winning title might be "DR. DAFOE AND HIS FIVE SWEETHEARTS," or "THE WORLD'S WONDER SETTERS," or "PERFECT HAPPINESS."

Naturally these suggestions cannot be used, but they show how remarkably easy it is to win. Use as many words as you wish and send your entry now.

**Where poor condition is due to lack of Vitamin B.*

RULES OF THIS OFFER

1. Anyone in the United States or Canada may mail coupon properly filled out and in ink or this offer, except employees of The Quaker Oats Company and their agents or their families.
2. A total of $24,600.50 worth of prizes are to be awarded as follows: $17,340.25 worth for the most original, suitable names submitted to Quaker Oats by 10/30; and $37,340.25 worth for the most original suitable names submitted from October 30 to December 15, 1936.
3. Entries for October 30th prizes must be postmarked before midnight October 30, 1936. Entries for December 15th prizes must be postmarked no later than midnight, December 15, 1936.
4. Each person may enter as many times as he or she wishes for either or both the October 30th or December 15th awards. Send in as many entries as you wish, provided each is on a separate coupon or piece of paper, bears your name and address, and is accompanied by 2 Quaker Oats or Mother's Oats trademarks. Only one entry may be sent with each 2 trademarks.
5. Each entry must be accompanied by 2 trademarks cut from Quaker Oats or Mother's Oats packages—and mailed with a suggested name for the picture of Dr. Dafoe and the Quints.
6. Awards are made for the most original suitable names for the picture of Dr. Dafoe and the Dionne Quints. The opinion of the judges is final. Judges are Millard S. Shoe, The Quaker Oats Company; Prof. M. S. Freeman of the University of Chicago; Meta Given, prominent home economist.
7. Judges will award prizes on basis of originality and suitability of names submitted for the picture of Dr. Dafoe and the Quints, which means that in awarding prizes, judges will favor suitable names which are different from the others submitted.
8. In cases of tie, duplicate awards will be made.
9. All entries must be addressed to and are the property of The Quaker Oats Company, Box L, Chicago, Ill.

Names of principal winners will be announced in the American Weekly

THE QUAKER OATS CO., Dept. I, Chicago, Illinois

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This Morning THOSE HEALTHY DIONNE QUINS HAD QUAKER OATS

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Dining Around the World---At Home

By Mrs. Christine Frederick
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ALMOST the first thing done by the visitor to a foreign city is to seek out its quaint eating places and dishes, which are as distinctively national as its skyline or the traditional dress of its inhabitants. Spaghetti in Naples, rare roast beef along the Strand in London, kartoffelkloss, or potato dumplings, in Munich, tripe a la mode de Caen, in Paris, and in the Far East, curries, chow mein, and sweetmeat pastes and confections of nuts and candied fruits. Alas for few of us can take such a delightful epicurean "tour around the world."

But, nevertheless, it is quite possible to sit at one's own dinner table and eat "your way around the world—by proxy." By imagination, let us say, plus a duplication of some of the dishes best known to other lands and other climes.

This may be followed out a more easily than many would think, because in these days the near and assortment and choice of food novelties is very wide, and good grocery shops and food especially shops carry practically any product which will stand being put in modern refrigerated ships or trains.

Again, some of the food specialties of other nations, such as, for example those of the Chinese or the Italian, have been specially packed for American appetites. One may today purchase, complete, an entire dinner of Oriental foods, or those of Italy, India, etc., in a carton, or in cans, with directions for cooking and serving the ingredients.

Probably the easiest national dinner to duplicate in any home is the Italian—justly popular. Almost any average Italian dinner begins with an antipasto (literally, "that which precedes the paste"—i. e., the spaghetti), and this consists of an assortment of appetizers—a slice of garlic-flavored salami or other sausage, a black olive, a sardine or anchovy, and some pickled beets and cabbage to whet the appetite and to start the meal on a light, sharp note. Following this may be an entree, but usually in the modest home there is brought in a big tureen of soup—a minestra soup at that, rich in broth and vegetable vitamines. Then comes the "paste"—the variety of spaghetti, macaroni, or its cousins and its aunts of the flour paste family which number dozens of varieties.

Roast chicken or a veal cutlet dish is the main course, always accompanied by a green salad. The usual Italian dessert is fruit, whole pears or apples, peaches or pomegranates, with a frozen ilsaque or ice cream reserved for more important occasions.

The Italian cuisine is distinctive and is that from which grew the French art of cookery, and hence about the best cooking of all the European world. It is based on strong flavors—garlic, herbs, mushroom, tomato, and the grated Parmesan and other cheeses, giving characteristic taste, but its ingredients are among the least expensive—flour pastes and fresh fruits and green vegetables heading the list—so that to provide much nourishment for many persons at the least cost, no menu can be followed to better advantage than that of the Italian.

Here is a suggestion easy to duplicate:

Anchovies and black ripe olives, minestrone soup, bread sticks, spaghetti with chicken livers, fresh fruit, coffee (black).

The anchovies may be bought in bulk, or there are neat glass jars which hold a nice assortment of all antipasto. Bread sticks come in small packages and serve as a crusty accompaniment to any soup. The best cheese for use with these foods is the hard rockline bleached Parmesan, which, grated, offers a tangy foil to more neutral spaghetti and soups.

Next, probably, in order of its popularity with Americans, come the chop suey and chow mein dishes which have so intrenched themselves in favor that there is scarcely a remote village which does not boast its "Chinese restaurant." Even if your true Oriental swears that chop suey is unrecognizable in his country, that it was invented in San Francisco, we like to eat it.

While the high-caste or luxurious Chinese meal consists of countless courses and most elaborate dishes, the simple luncheon or dinner which American patrons of Chinese restaurants like reads thus:

Chicken soup with egg, shrimp pancakes or omelet, chop suey or chow mein with rice, almond cake or mixed preserved fruits.

Chinese chicken soup is made with fowl, as usual, and is made thick by the clever trick of dropping in a raw egg and beating the mixture rapidly. This shreds the egg and is just enough to thicken without any floury consistency.

Again, in making any chop suey or similar mixture, we find that the chief point (and one which we can copy to advantage) is: all meats are sliced in shreds or small slivers for convenient eating, and for economy. Never any whole joint is placed on the table by the Chinese cook—every atom of meat and juice is cut from the bones, which are later made into stock, not left to be thrown away into the garbage pail.

Further, these slivers of meat are always well browned in hot lard or dripping to which salt has been added. This process, of course, not only browns the meat but salts and seasons it, and the result is a rich colorful gravy in all these dishes.

Last, the Chinese know the art of vegetable cooking, if any nation does. They use abundant onions and celery—both extremely flavorful, and likewise bamboo shoots and water chestnuts and many other greens we hardly know by name.

In every case these vegetables are sliced thinly—a process which makes their cooking time shorter (saves fuel) and also releases the juices better than if the vegetable were cooked entire. This may be another point to recall if fuel or time economy is desirable—that is, the sliced vegetable cooks in about 10 minutes, whereas the whole vegetable may require around 30 or more. The Chinese, who long ago had to save their coal or pay high for wood, learned that the little brazier or cooking pot could not be wastefully used for hours on hours.

A last word about the seasoning qualities of soy bean sauce: this is a natural food product, the expressed juice of the soy bean, long one of the Orient's main crops. Soy beans are now being grown in large quantities in America. It is a fine nourishing protein.

Pressed fruits or candied fruits, such as ginger, kumquats, etc., are the simplest dessert for these menus. Or an almond cake, or a peanut cake—a flat cookie—is a frequent ending to these excellent "balanced meals" which are so economical of cooking fuel.

Also from the Orient we may duplicate a curry meal from India where curries are daily dishes. Curry powder is a yellow powder which may be bought in bottles at any good grocery store, though, of course, in India, the curry is freshly prepared each time of use. Curry is a combination of spices and peppers, ground fine with turmeric, which gives it the yellow color. It has a fragrant, spicy, even a romantic odor, and so have the dishes made from it.

Most curries are what we would call a stew—that is, small bits of lamb, beef or chicken, in a rich, flavorful gravy. The invariable accompaniment of all curries is hot boiled rice—each grain standing whole and perfect by itself. The curry is a most excellent method of using up cold and left-over meats from the Sunday roast. Cut the meats into thin slivers or dice—brown in fat and curry powder, and add enough stock or water to make a thick gravy. Many times raw fruits are added last to the curry dish. Thus, sliced apples are good in a lamb curry; or fresh, moist coconut in lamb or veal or chicken curry.

The most usual dessert or topping to the Eastern meal is a fruit compote or else a bit of a sticky sweetmeat paste. Stewed apricots make a happy ending to a lamb curry, or a bit of Turkish delight or honey cake, which can be bought at specialty shops.

Other stops around the world in our culinary tour may be Mexico or Spain, with their highly seasoned chili con carne, their fragile cornmeal tortillas pounded out on stone, and other dishes featuring their intense use of peppers and herbs. Armenia or Turkey, which boast lamb and raisins, baked stuffed eggplant, and minced lamb patties sewn in grapevine leaves, with that over-rich dessert, though a delectable one of baklava, honey paste and chopped nuts!

Dining around the world—at home, is fun. But better, it brings novelty into the home dinner, and teaches us the clever and economical methods of countries where living has always been more difficult and economy more necessary. Romance, after all, may lie in a pinch of spice or a spoon of sugar.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3485—THERE'S NEW FLATTERY FOR THE MATURE FIGURE IN THIS CHARMING DRESS-UP STYLE. PERFECT IN CREPE OR SATIN. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3522—TWIN LARGE AND SMALL SKETCHES THERE'S A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE, BUT ONE PATTERN DOES FOR BOTH. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric and ⅝ yards 6-inch ribbon for tie.

Pattern 3525—ENGAGING YOUNG FROCK HAS JUST EVERYTHING TO MAKE IT PERFECT FOR A ROUND OF FALL AND WINTER EVENTS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 12, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3377—A BIT OF SIMPLE CUTWORK AND STITCHERY WILL ENHANCE YOUR PLAINEST LINENS. Pattern 3377 contains a transfer of two motifs 7¼x8½ inches, two and two reverse motifs 2⅝x8½ inches, and four 2½-inch motifs; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed; color suggestions.

Pattern 3523—WITH PUFFS FOR HER SHOULDERS, PLEATS FOR HER SKIRT, A TOT WILL LOOK STUNNING WHEREVER SHE GOES. Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3524—OUT TO GIVE YOU SLENDER LINES, THIS PLEASING SHIRTWAIST FROCK ALSO DISPLAYS A NEW-STYLE COLLAR. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

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Savory Dishes to Cut Your Meat Bill

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Stuffed Liver

WASH 1 calf or lamb liver in cold salted water. Cut a gash in the largest and thickest part of the liver, making a pocket for the stuffing. Mix 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon onion juice, pepper to taste, 1 stalk finely chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 cup dry bread crumbs. Moisten with milk, water or chicken stock. Pile lightly into the pocket. Sprinkle liver with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and place in a roasting pan with 2 tablespoons melted fat. Lay a few strips of salt pork on the liver. Add a very little water. Roast for 1 hour—in a hot oven, or at about 480 deg., for 15 minutes, and then reducing the heat to about 350 deg. for the remaining 45 minutes. Baste several times during the cooking. When done, thicken the gravy in the pan and serve with the meat.

Fresh Pork With Vegetables.

SIMMER 1 pound fresh pork butt about 2 hours, in water seasoned to taste. Divide the liquid into three equal measures and in it cook 4 sliced carrots, 4 sliced parsnips and 1 small red cabbage, cut in quarters. If desired, the vegetables may be cooked together. Reheat meat liquid. Place the thinly sliced pork in center of platter, arrange a garnish of the carrots, parsnips and cabbage and serve immediately.

Braised Beef.

CUT 2 or 3 pounds beef brisket into cubes and brown in hot frying pan with beef drippings or other fat. Stir frequently so that meat will brown evenly. Remove to a Dutch oven or closely covered kettle that can be placed in oven or on top of stove. Rinse the frying pan with ½ cup water or stock so that none of the flavor of the meat is lost. Add this liquid to the meat. Cover closely and cook for 2 hours in a slow oven, or at low temperature on top of stove. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 1 minced onion, 1 minced carrot, and a few grains paprika and stir until vegetables are delicately browned. Add, if desired, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, ½ cup minced celery and 1 cup strained tomato pulp. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over the meat and continue cooking for an additional hour.

Beef Tongue With Blackberry Jelly Sauce (By Request.)

WASH a fresh beef tongue in cold water, cover with boiling water, add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart of water and simmer gently 4 or 5 hours or until tongue is tender. If desired, the tongue may be boiled with 1 tablespoon mixed spices, 1 bay leaf and ½ cup minced celery. Allow tongue to cool in the liquid. Remove skin, trim off root end and stick full of whole cloves. Place in a greased baking pan, dredge lightly with flour, cover with a glaze of blackberry jelly or jam beaten with a fork, add 1 cup of raisins that have been steamed until tender in a cup of water, sprinkle with the juice of 1 lemon and bake in a hot oven, or about 400 deg., for ½ hour, basting often with liquid in pan. Serve hot or cold.

Salmon Surprise.

ARRANGE alternate layers of canned salmon and fine bread or cracker crumbs in buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon onion juice and pour over 1 can cream of mushroom sauce. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 deg., for 10 minutes.

Sauteed Lamb Kidneys
(By Request.)

REMOVE skin from 6 lamb kidneys and split lengthwise. Cook 6 slices bacon in hot frying pan until crisp. Remove and keep hot. Cook kidneys in bacon fat for about 4 minutes or until tender. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and a little melted (but not browned) butter. Arrange on hot toast and garnish with bacon.

Kitchenette "Bubble and Squeak"

DICE 1 pound round steak. Cook in 1 tablespoon fat until well browned. Have ready 2 cups diced potatoes and 2 cups minced onions. Place a layer of the cooked meat in a greased casserole dish, add a layer of potatoes and a layer of onions, seasoning the whole dish with 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Repeat until all meat, potatoes and onions are used. Over all pour 1 cup mock turtle soup and enough cold water to cover. Measure liquid used. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven, or about 350 deg., for 2 hours. For every cup of liquid used add 1 tablespoon flour blended with 1 tablespoon cold water. Stir until thoroughly blended. Continue cooking for 15 minutes or until flour thickens sauce. Cover with a small baking powder biscuit dough rounds and bake in a hot oven, at 450 deg., for 15 minutes or until biscuits are brown.

Lamb Pie.

MIX 3 cups diced cooked lamb, 1½ cups diced carrots, 1½ cups diced potatoes, 1 minced Bermuda onion, 1 cup diagonally sliced cooked string beans, 2 teaspoons salt, pepper to taste, 3¼ cups water and left-over gravy, 1 cup minced celery, ½ cup strained tomato pulp and 3 tablespoons flour blended with ¼ cup water. Turn into a covered baking dish and bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, for 2½ hours. Mix and sift 2 cups pastry flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Work in 4 tablespoons butter. Add ¾ cup milk and mix just enough to blend. Roll about ¼ inch thick and arrange on top of the meat. Trim neatly and make several incisions to allow escape of steam. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degs., for 35 or 40 minutes or until crust is brown. Garnish with crisp parsley and serve immediately.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Honeydew Melon,	Bananas with Orange Juice,	Stewed Figs or Grapes,	Fresh Apple Juice,	Grapefruit, Cereal,	Stewed Prunes, Soft Cooked Eggs,	Sliced Oranges, Cereal,
Whole Grain Cereal,	Cereal,	Cereal,	Cereal,	Broiled Fish Cakes,	Bacon Curls,	Poached Eggs,
Broiled Bacon,	Broiled Smoked Salmon,	Bacon,	Poached Eggs,	Delicate Muffins,	Toast,	Toasted Muffins,
Toasted Rolls or Muffins,	Green Corn Pancakes,	Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup,	Reheated Rolls or Melba Toast,	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.
Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Philadelphia Pepper Pot,	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches,	Broiled Beef Balls and Mushrooms,
Vegetable Waffles,	Chop Suey	Spanish Rice or Italian Spaghetti,	German Potato Salad,	Frozen Fruit Salad,	Cabbage Slaw,	Baked Macaroni,
Grape Conserve,	Salad,	Raw Spinach Salad,	Mexican Tamale and Bacon	Wafers.	Spanish Pie with Honey	Asparagus Salad with
Fruit Compote,	Sliced Tomatoes,	Savory Dressing,	Tidbits,	*Dinner*	and Cream,	Tomato Juice
Honey	Swedish Bread,	Ice Box Rolls,	Tomato	Tuna Fish Creamed with	Tea.	Dressing,
Cookies.	Cup Cakes with Raspberry	Vinegar Custard,	Ice Box Rolls,	Peas,	*Dinner*	Grape Juice
Dinner	Sauce,	Tea.	Stewed Fruit,	Glazed Carrots,	Tomato Snow	Sherbet,
Smothered Veal,	Tea.	*Dinner*	Home-Made Cookies.	Tomato Jelly	Cocktail.	Macaroons.
Buttered Peas,	*Dinner*	*(Company)*	*Dinner*	Salad with Cucumber	Old-Fashioned Beef Stew with Noodles,	*Supper*
Whipped Potatoes,	*(Company)*	Clam and Tomato Cocktail.	Beef Tongue with Blackberry	Garnish,	Celery,	Shredded Raw Cauliflower,
Chiffonade Green Salad,	Fruit Juice Cocktail.	Baked Stuffed Peppers.	Sauce,	Apple Pie or Apple	Buttered Pickles,	Black Olive and Shredded
Thousand Island Dressing,	Roast Chicken with Favorite Dressing,	Glazed Carrots.	Scalloped Potatoes,	Dumplings with Lemon Sauce,	Paprika.	Beet Salad.
Warm Baked Apple with Frozen Whipped Cream.	Sweet Potatoes with Bananas, Spiced Baby Beets, Broccoli with Lemon, Pineapple Mousse.	Green Bean Salad, Savory French Dressing, Snow Whirl Roll, Fudge Sauce.	Fresh Apple Sauce, Cup Cakes.		Bakme Powder Biscuits, Jellied Cantaloupe or Fruit Compote.	Deviled Eggs, Graham or Orange Nut Bread. Fruit Blanc Mange with Custard Sauce.

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SHELVING

Mystery Woman

by Evelyn Murray Campbell

(Continued from Page 25)

But sarcasm went over Roland's head.

"Huh? You'll get used to new women if you stick around for long. They get in your hair and and down your collar and in your pocket....the last most likely and worst. If you'll listen to me you'll duck out of this town as soon as this thing is settled."

Tredwell listened to this friendly advice for awhile and then it occurred to him that it might be more than just talk. What if Roland wanted to drop the investigation and was advising him to forget what he knew? Without Tredwell it couldn't go very far. No one else had seen the wounded man in Apartment 2—except the mysterious telephoner and she would never show up voluntarily.

He thought of Monica, wanting to see her. Too much was creeping into the papers, veiled hints and the like and it was best to keep a discreet distance from Miss Vane because of the news hounds who might be trailing him. He could telephone to her though.

In his hotel lobby, he found Ruth Godwin waiting for him.

"Isn't there a more private place than this?" she inquired.

Tredwell had a sitting room, and they went there. He thought she looked tired and no doubt she was. There must be a million things to occupy her time after such a catastrophe as Orme's death, with its consequent strain and uncertainty of development, and why should she give an hour or more of her time to him? He found out at once.

"I was hoping you didn't have money," she said. "I'd give you a lot to get out of town and forget you ever heard of Stanley Orme."

Tredwell stared.

"You want to cover up," he said. "Why? Did you kill him?"

She laughed and folded her hands in her lap.

"Kill him? I should say not. I had the best job in town—in my line. You don't kill jobs like mine. I earned more than a bank president."

Tredwell was faintly disgusted. "Really? If you didn't do it, why don't you want to know who did? Isn't loyalty a part of your position?"

Her smile just moved the corners of her mouth.

"Loyalty in the nth degree, and I have it. Don't you see? The person who killed him hated him terribly and wouldn't it just give him—or her—a frightful pleasure to see him pulled to pieces, demolished by the public and for the public? It was good fun for the killer, but better fun to come if it isn't hushed up. Don't you see?"

"I do," he told her. "I see that you had a part in moving him from the place where he was shot."

"Perhaps." She shrugged this off. "There aren't any dictaphones, are there?"

He wished there had been but nothing could be done about it now. She smiled at his chagrin.

"Don't feel badly. We'll find the guilty party ourselves and punish him—or her—severely but privately. It is done—often. A nice, scorching punishment, much worse than the law would deal out, because there would be no chance for publicity and publicity is bain for misery, lots of times.

"You are sure of this murderer's hatred? It sounds sadistic, as if derangement was at the bottom of it all."

She smiled with approval. "Good boy. Smart. Well, I'm open to conviction. Of course, there is a chance that I am all wrong. Someone might hate publicity as much as I do but that wouldn't read well, either."

"You mean—?"

"Gangsters. He used them now and then." Her cool effrontery was magnificent. "Or a husband, perhaps. Husbands do kill, even in these modern days, if the incentive is great enough."

She was a new experience. He had never met a woman like her. It was more than being hard; she had cultivated a reasoning mentality until sentiment was entirely wiped out. She had to have a heart to live, but she kept it on ice, pretty to look at, but not for use.

"Why did Orme use gangsters?"

"Orme was an important man. So he had enemies. A machine crushes while it creates. There were men who couldn't see the justice of this, so he used gangsters to make them change their minds."

"And husbands? Any particular one?"

"He could buy anything he wanted," she frowned. "He didn't need to take that chance. I've known him to go to a little town and look around for the prettiest girls. . . . He sometimes found one, too. In the old days barons and lords used to do that. And princes . . . . I think he fancied himself a prince, at times."

"And Mrs. Flying Bird—" Tredwell grinned without mirth. "Was she the prettiest girl in her village?"

"No, but she had nearly a million dollars," said Ruth Godwin. "He never had enough money until he married her."

"And what happened to the wife he had—I take it he had one?"

"Antonia Vance? He divorced her, of course. She was an actress....she took it in the day's work. Dropped out. At least, she went to some place like Milwaukee and started a dramatic school—"

Tredwell went on probing. "There were other wives?"

"One. An early mistake, I believe, dating to his own small-time days."

She began to look impatient. This wasn't getting her anywhere but it was feeding Tredwell's mania for information. She swung her beautiful foot in a perfect brown walking shoe and if she had a cane she would have looked like a smart young man, a bit sharp.

"Look here—"

He was looking. He had always morbidly disliked masculine women, but Ruth Godwin in brown, with a velour hat across her eyebrows, her slender supple body bent toward him, was not to be disliked by any man.

"Will you go away and forget?" she smiled.

He shook his head.

She leaned over and kissed him on the mouth.

"Will you—if I go with you?"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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